

Sports Illustrated

May 1964 50 CENTS

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500



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Next week

ORBITING light years higher in the standings than they really should be, Houston's Astros are the surprise of the baseball season Jack Mann reports on team, city and scoreboard.

DOUBLE TROUBLE in football and track, Tennessee's Raymond Flowers Jr. is a bright, new star who may well go on to win bowl and Olympic fame. A study of a unique career.

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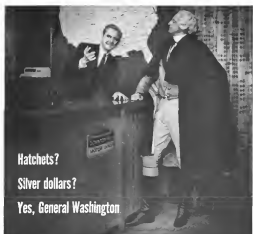
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SHOPWALK

Want to take a fast trip to Honolulu at home? Write a note to Orchids of Hawaii

The telegram addressed to Orchids of Hawaii in New York City even felt a little frantic to the touch. It read: SEND IMMEDIATE ORDER 50 ORCHIDS. DOC. AT. PREVIOUS ORDER. The wire came from a customer in the Midwest who was giving a private luau, the sportiest kind of party to give these days, indoors or out. Last year, for example, 18,000 would-be Hawaiians wrote to Orchids of Hawaii to order merchandise or make inquiries about what would be needed to give an authentic luau. Owner Ted Uchida clears an approximate \$400,000 on what he considers a sideline in his larger promotional business. The mail-order catalog, requested by people from as far away as South America, lists everything for the luau from colorful leis at 54¢ per dozen to the makings of a 6-foot artificial palm tree for \$13.95. Also available is grass thatching (two pounds for \$2.50), just the thing for covering a do-it-yourself hut or hiding those "unsightly pillars" in your living room. For \$8.50 you can buy a compact kit containing 43 items designed to complete the luau effect.

The Polynesian, first to inhabit the islands of Hawaii, sailed there centuries ago in outrigger canoes, and much of Hawaiian decor and table setting preserve a nautical flavor. An outigger set consists of "natural" wood tray with contrasting colorful frosted-glass mugs in which you may serve the famous Mai Tai-Wiki Wiki (luau rum punch), Diamond Head Cocktail or Leifman Sour. Recipes for these and other drinks are included in the brochure along with recipes for appetizers such as Teriyaki Pou Pou and recipes for the main course (Leifman Ham, Chicken Coconut Isle). All ingredients are available at your supermarket. Most Hawaiian food can be prepared ahead of time, which gives the luau host and hostess more time to spend with guests beside that authentic grass hut under the palm tree. As to proper Hawaiian etiquette, Orchids of Hawaii has a few tips for hosts (Caucasians)—at least before the Mai Tai-Wiki Wiki take over. An inset labeled WARNING! tells us that ladies who wear flowers on the right side of head are "looking," on the left they're "taken," and in the center—awee (ouch!). So, though building a palm tree may be a little luau (work), and a complete luau may cost a little *kahe* (money), it's considered very *aloha* (smart). And, if you run out of food, orchids floating in drinks are edible. *Okole ma'ona* (Bottoms up!) But put out the dog.

For brochure, write directly to Orchids of Hawaii, 305 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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SCORECARD

RUMORS OF WAR

If you can believe what you read in the papers, we are now in the midst of what has been termed A Grid War. To date, however, it seems to have been chiefly fought with hot-air guns, and, far from the NFL and the AFL seriously bloodying one another, they have gotten a lot of ink (if it is still called that) in the middle of the baseball season, to their mutual advantage.

The first shot was fired by the New York Giants, who signed Pete Gogolak, Buffalo's famed soccer-style place-kicker, who had played out his option in the AFL, and was thereby a free agent. But there was supposed to be a "gentleman's agreement" among the owners of the rival leagues that they would not "tamper" with each other's players, free or indentured.

Since Gogolak's defection, there has been a lot of vague sniping from both sides. The Giants say that Greg Larson and Steve Thurlow were approached by the San Diego Chargers, and that Houston contacted Tucker Frederickson—but that one turned out to be a hoax. Then Alex Karras signed an unprecedented seven-year contract with Detroit (actually seven one-year contracts at more than \$35,000 per annum, but the club can still drop him at the end of any year). Depending on the source, Karras had been solicited by George Wilson, coach of the AFL's Miami Dolphins, or had merely paid a social call on his old coach, or both. Coincidentally, the NFL may move its Runner-up Bowl out of Miami.

Long-term contracts are, of course, one way an owner and a gentleman can protect his property, and more power to the players that can command them. For some reason the players seem to have gotten the short end from the working press. Apparently they are supposed to abide by a gentleman's agreement not to try to better their lot. The chief concern of the press appears to be for the owners and The Fate of Football. We feel certain the pro football fans of America can

sleep easy these nights. When they awake, both leagues will still be there. Perhaps the owners will be a trifle poorer, but then the players may be a little richer. It's good for the economy.

MORE GET LESS

There were those who did not believe that renaming the Los Angeles Angels the California Angels and moving them to Anaheim would sweeten the gate.

But how sweet it is! In their first 19 home dates at Anaheim Stadium the Angels have drawn \$86,810 paid, compared to last year's 19-date total at Dodger Stadium of 186,719. And the Angels packed these mortals in playing second-division teams.

So what's the gimmick? One thing it isn't is the hot dogs. When the Angels left L.A. they changed concessionaires as well as their name. A 35¢ hot dog at Dodger Stadium was eight inches long and weighed five ounces. A 35¢ hot dog at Anaheim is four inches long and weighs three ounces.

WHERE THE ACTION ISN'T

In Texas a man may gamble in oil and pro football franchises but he cannot place a bet on a horse. To V. E. (Red) Berry of San Antonio this is plumb unfitting, improper and un-Texan. In fact, Berry, a retired ("I'm not reformed, just retired") gambler, has been elected to three terms in the Texas House of Representatives on a one-plank platform: bring Thoroughbred racing back to Texas by legalizing pari-mutuel betting.

Every so often Berry thinks bigger. He once proposed a constitutional amendment calling for the division of Texas into two states. One, the state of South Texas, he envisioned as a tax-free paradise where horse racing, the sale of liquor by the drink (also illegal in Texas) and tourism would flourish.

This spring Berry ran in the Democratic primary for the state Senate. During the final week of the campaign he put on several hour-long TV specials,

which consisted, in the main, of films of famous horse races narrated by Berry. The most famous was a race in which he had a winner paying \$87.

Primary Day in San Antonio was May 7, which was also when the Kentucky Derby was run. The night before, Berry devoted the greater part of an hour and a half of paid political time to a discussion of Derby entries and odds. The next day he won the election laughing.

Although his pari-mutuel bill has been regularly defeated, Berry, like all long-shot players, is undaunted. He figures about 20 "first-class funerals" among his fellow legislators would make for a clear track.

NO LIMIT

And in Texas trout fishermen are about as scarce as horseplayers, despite the lure of there being no legal limit to the number of trout you can take. How come? Easy. Until April there were no trout in Texas, except for one private fishing hole high in the western mountains; elsewhere the water was too warm. However, when Canyon Dam on the Guadalupe River was completed, it was discovered that the water released from the bottom was between 49° and 54°, comfy for rainbows, and a San Antonio brewery was persuaded to put up \$10,-



000 for 10,000 adult rainbows to stock the stretch below the dam.

On opening day hordes of voracious anglers lined the 10 miles of fast, clear rapids and, using popcorn, marshmallows, cheese, worms, minnows and one verified sauceman, hauled in 4,000 trout.

Horrified conservationists pleaded with the state to impose a limit to give the fish a break. But rainbows wise up fast. The surviving 6,000 fled to the

deepest pools, where they are living happily ever after. An occasional fly fisherman may still get a rise out of one, but the trout are now so wary and elusive that the question of a limit is academic. You can still keep all the trout you can catch in Texas.

LAKE MONTANA

In Montana, on the other hand, there are plenty of cooperative trout—but, how long, America, how long? The Federal Bureau of Reclamation is planning to build yet another dam. This one, the Reiche Dam, is to go up on Montana's Big Hole River, one of the nation's most revered trout streams. Indeed, throughout the land there are as many dams on the drawing boards as Holiday Inns. As David Brower, executive secretary of the Sierra Club, says, "The Bureau of Reclamation people are like beavers. Both can't stand the sight of running water."

Although the benefits of the Reiche Dam are somewhat tenuous, and although trout fishermen have spent as much as \$36.5 million in Montana in a year, it appears that the concrete will be poured unless opposition stiffens.

Leading the fight against the dam is the Montana Fish and Game Commission, which has said: "The State of Montana does not wish to be known as Lake Montana."

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME?

Things have come to a very pretty pass in what used to be known as our national pastime. Here is Eddie Stanky, the manager of the White Sox, admitting he instructed John Bushardt to throw at Minnesota Pitcher Jim Perry after Perry hit Al Weis, the Chicago shortstop.

Stanky is sure because Weis is only a little old, 108 hitter, and because Perry insisted the pitch was a slow curve that got away. "That so-called curve broke about one ninety-eighth of an inch," fumes Stanky. "Who do they think they're playing with—kids? If the umpire goes out and talks to Perry, I don't throw at them, but he didn't, and after Perry gets hit, he says, 'Everybody's even now, let's go.'"

But what's really got Stanky steaming is what he calls a "leak" in his organization. Sam Mele, the Twin manager, has discovered that White Sox Pitcher Bruce Howard was reprimanded on the bench in front of his teammates for failing to carry out Stanky's reclamation.

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SCORECARD *continued*

tory bearing order in a game in Detroit.

Says Stanky: "I'm just disgusted with these so-called men . . . people who are supposed to be your own flesh and blood turn on you." Says Mel: "Howard wouldn't do it. He threw the ball over the batter's head, so Stanky chewed him out and fined him. I guess you can't blame Buzhardt. If he doesn't hit Perry, Stanky will take some of his money." A Chicago player confirmed that Stanky ordered Howard to throw a pitch three inches behind the head of Detroit Pitcher Joe Sparma.

Does the umpire still cry, "Play ball"? Or is it, "Come out fighting"?

EASY DOES IT

Charlie Greene of the University of Nebraska may or may not be the World's Fastest Human, but he certainly isn't the World's Hardest Working Human.

In the two-week interval between the Drake Relays and the Big Eight meet, in which he did a 9.3 hundred, Greene claims he ran only about 600 yards.

As he says, "I try to be individualistic." In pursuit of this goal, Greene wears sunglasses while he runs, has been known to compete in a rain hat and may be found at the refreshment stand between races sipping soda pop. Actually, Greene's tinted glasses contain prescription lenses. He points out that he is nearsighted and wears the glasses so he will be able to see the tape and won't keep on running after he has broken it. "I was never much for overdistance work," says Greene. "Also, the glasses kind of add to my stature."

According to Greene, his premeet routine goes like this: "On Monday I loosen up a little and ride a bike around the track. On Tuesday I run a couple of 220s. Wednesday I'll run one 330 and practice some starts. Thursday I'll try a few more starts and then taper off from the strenuous week. Friday I devote to rest and recreation with lots of card playing on the bus going to the meet. This is my weakest point. I can and must improve my card playing."

BASIC TRAINING

Fifty cadets from Sandhurst, the British counterpart of West Point, are going on an expedition to Ethiopia this summer. One of their missions is to capture specimens of wildlife for the British Museum.

"But first the chaps have to be able to recognize them," says Captain Blash-

continued

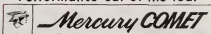
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We ran each set of tires (inflated 24 lbs., by the way) through the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, starting at 2400 rpm's and shifting at 5500. Here's how they made out.

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Tire C: 15.8 seconds.

Tire D: 15.6 seconds.

The Tiger Paw: 15.4 seconds.

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SCORECARD

ford-Snell of the Royal Engineers, who is leading Exercise Safari.

To train his men, Blashford-Snell plans to create a mock rain forest on a common near Sandhurst, where stuffed animals will lurk.

Says the captain: "I shall put the animals in the trees or behind bushes, and as we come across them I shall say, 'What's that?' The chap should be able to recognize it straightaway."

So far the lone occupant of the forest is a frowzy stuffed mongoose. This was brought in by Blashford-Snell's golden Labrador, Kinder. "It's a mystery where it came from," says the captain, "but it's just what I wanted to start the collection."

MEN OF THE HOUR

The other morning the management of the Baltimore Orioles, bless it, broke a law. Under a city ordinance no miring of a baseball game in Memorial Stadium is supposed to begin after 11:59 p.m., and this ordinance, like several others that linger in some major league cities, is absurdly archaic. With the scoreboard clock clearly showing 12:03 a.m., the Orioles continued about the business of completing a game with the Detroit Tigers that 26,094 people had paid to see in its entirety.

The reason the hour was so late was that the game was the second half of a two-night doubleheader which had begun at 6 p.m. Assuming that a game does not go into extra innings and allowing the players the needed 20 minutes rest between games, it is ridiculous to expect two important games *always* to be finished within six hours.

The city has not fined the Orioles yet, and the team has six more two-night doubleheaders to play. We hope the antiquated law will be repealed, but if it costs the Orioles money to break the law they will get it back in fan support.

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Russell, Boston Celtic star and coach, attempting, in Bermuda, to water ski for the first time in his life: "I've just changed water skiing from a participant to a spectator sport."

• Jim Busch, UCLA track coach, asked to comment on San Jose State's phenomenal sprinter, Tommie Smith: "I think he should have a saliva test. It would take a four-legged man to beat him."

END



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BLOOD AT THE ARSENAL

A festidious Cassius Clay managed to avoid Henry Cooper's vulnerable eyebrows for five rounds. But a right in the sixth tapped a geyser, drowning the challenger's hopes for the heavyweight title

by EDWIN SHRAKE

According to one of the viewpoints of Muhammad Ali—or, as they bill him in England, Formerly Cassius Clay—his defense of the world heavyweight championship against Henry Cooper last week in London was not only unsatisfactory but a bit sickening as well. Before the fight Formerly Cassius had told a friend: "Bang, bang, bang, ding, ding, ding and I'm on my way home." What he hoped to do was to knock out Cooper with a punch or combination of punches that would be clean, decisive and so clearly visible that he would not need a great amount of oratory to explain to the public what had happened. What he absolutely did not want to do was to cut open Cooper's famous brow and win with nothing more established than the fact that blood is red and flows. Strange though it may sound for a man who has had 23 professional fights, Clay is revolted by the sight of blood—his own or anyone else's.

Perhaps the memory of Cooper spitting blood when Clay beat him three years ago contributed to the almost solemn manner the champion adopted during his two weeks in London before the fight. Clay worked without antics. He went on tours of laboring-class areas, shook hands, kissed babies, smiled politely, said thank you and behaved as

if he were training for a career in the diplomatic corps. He dined on kosher food, consulted with sheiks, prayed at the mosque and had to be protected from adoring crowds. He usually had Herbert Muhammad, son of Chicago Muslim Leader Elijah Muhammad, at his side, but there were few if any militant statements about the white devils. When an African in gaiter asked at an early press conference if Clay considered his fight with Cooper as a struggle between black and white, the champion replied, "You look too intelligent to ask that question. I'm ashamed of you."

The British press bought it all. In a land where the custom is to make every story sound like a scoop, Clay was front-page news, and the papers were full of accounts that said, "The new Cassius Clay told me yesterday. . . ." As Clay said later, "They couldn't have treated no president of no country any nicker. I haven't been under no pressure here. The questions are not controversial. I could relax and train. The last time I was in London I wasn't the champion yet, so I was campaigning, hollering and acting crazy. Now I don't have to do that no more."

Meanwhile Henry Cooper was not exactly being ignored. He was photographed holding the cup that was pur-

chased 29 years ago to be presented to the next British bower to become world heavyweights champion and has yet to have a name inscribed on it. He was quoted at length about his plans to knock out Clay. Much was made of the left hook that did knock down Clay three years ago. Henry's wife, Albina, was photographed holding their 5-year-old son, Henry Marco, who calls his mother "My Queen."

Albina revealed that she intended to be at the Arsenal football ground to watch her husband fight for the first time. Henry revealed that he was using lotions and pills to strengthen the scar tissue on his bony brows. Jarvis Astaire, the closed-circuit television promoter, revealed that his 20 theaters would be sold out, which they almost were. Cooper's manager, Jim Wicks, revealed that he had taught his little dog, Mr. Wicks, to roll over on its back and play dead at the mention of Clay's name. The only person connected with the fight who was seldom quoted was the promoter, Harry Levene, and there was a good reason for that. Levene charges a fee to be interviewed—which makes him unique among promoters.

By the morning of the fight there was a tolerable amount of suspense built up. The odds were 16 to 1 against Cooper

continued

Taking a last stand, a desperate, bleeding Cooper waits warily as the circling Clay, thoroughly in command, moves into position for the KO

winning on points, and only 7 to 1 that Clay would win by a knockout between the third and seventh rounds. But when the fighters went to the Odeon Theater at Leicester Square for the weigh-in, several thousand people gathered at the doors and the hobbles had to block off the area. Cooper, a pleasant man who is a partner in three greengrocer shops, was first to part the red-and-gold curtain and walk onto the stage, accompanied by his twin brother, Jim, who occasionally acts as a decoy to lure the crowds away while Henry escapes through another door. The sight of Cooper at the weigh-in made you feel sympathetic toward him. He was wearing a dress shirt, a raincoat, black street shoes and socks with his bare legs showing beneath the coat, like a man surprised by a police raid, or, as one British writer said, "as if he were off for an uncertain day at the seashore."

Cooper came in at 188 pounds, lighter than expected and then Clay appeared

in a white robe to weigh in at an astonishing 204½ pounds, 13 pounds less than for his last fight with George Chuvalo. The two posed for pictures in front of crossed flags of Britain and the United States and spoke modestly for television on a program that starred former British Heavyweight Tommy Farr, who advised his interviewer that, far from wanting to get into the ring with Clay, "it makes me bloody nose bleed to think of it." About all Clay could muster was, "If Allah is willing, I'll be the victor," and suddenly there was the feeling that Clay might be considering Cooper somewhat more seriously than he had Chuvalo or Floyd Patterson.

The Arsenal football ground, a soccer stadium, is out in a London suburb, set in among row houses and apartment buildings occupied by people who are obviously not wealthy. But one great thing London has over most big cities of the world is greenery, and in the neighborhood around Arsenal are trees and

little patches of grass, where in a similar neighborhood in New York City there would be concrete and garbage. In the late dusk 40,000 people came pouring into the stadium, and many of them marched straight to the bars. While the preliminary fighters went through their business, Clay's sparring partner, Jimmy Ellis, won impressively on a first-round knockout and caused Astaire to begin casting about for volunteers in the event he had to put an extra fight on the card to occupy the time—the stands filled up with people singing football songs and chanting, "Enry! Enry! Enry!"

The new ring, with its blue ropes and red hunting, was slippery and several prelin fighters fell down, adding more speculation as to what might happen to Clay's speed under those conditions. When Cooper came out shortly after 10 p.m., he was wearing plastic bags over his boxing shoes and striding along behind a man carrying the Union Jack. He looked very calm as the cheers went up.

Clay came down the aisle behind the United States flag and seemed pensive as he climbed into the ring. There is a nice elegance to the British fight ritual. "My lords, ladies and gentlemen," said the ring announcer, "we now have 15 rounds of boxing for the heavyweight championship of the world." The referee, George Smith, a 54-year-old Scot, entered the ring wearing black tuxedo pants, a white shirt with studs and a black bow tie. Clay said a prayer, the bell rang, and Cooper came at him.

Clay's trainer, Angelo Dundee, expected the champion to begin his fight early. But Clay evidently had forgotten his bang, bang, bang, ding, ding, ding. Moving to the left away from Cooper's left hook, he nevertheless caught a hard hook to the ribs.

Clay seemed determined not to open up on Cooper's brows but did land a good combination. In the first clinch Cooper held and hit—one of his favorite tactics—and then hit on the break. Clay looked surprised. In Britain the rule is that the referee should not touch the fighters if he can avoid it but break them by command. Clay was expecting the referee to come between them. Instead, as Clay stepped back he caught another left hook. But in the second round Clay was wrestling and holding in the clinches and then leaping back very fast on the break. Smith warned Clay, but the holding was not his fault. He was trying to



As hobbles look on placidly, Negro-baiting laughs at ringside stir minor riot after the fight.

protect himself until he could break clean.

In the third round the crowd booed Clay for wrestling and Clay protested to the referee that Cooper was causing it. Clay, using his two-inch advantage in reach, was scoring with his left hand, but the fight was even at the end of the third. Cooper was not cut and Clay looked to be in for his hardest fight since becoming champion. In the fourth round Cooper's elbow got into Clay's face in the clinches, and Clay protested to the referee about a low punch. When Smith was unimpressed, Clay increased his pace, put across a combination and two good lefts and won the round. The fifth round was even.

In the sixth it happened. After Cooper connected with two lefts, Clay followed him into a corner, missed with a left hook, then slipped, lunged forward and clubbed a short, chopping right hand onto Cooper's left brow.

The blood shot out at once. Cooper did not merely bleed, he gushed. The cut opened above and slightly to the side of the brow, near the small artery at the temple, and both fighters were immediately splashed with blood.

Clay looked stricken. Assuming the fight would be stopped, he began to retreat. But Smith had been warned not to intervene too quickly. Realizing he had very little time left in the ring, Cooper chased Clay frantically, swinging wild hooks, with the blood pouring into his eyes. At ringside Jarvis Axtane was yelling, "Stop the fight!" a shout that was rapidly taken up. To defend himself against the charging Cooper, Clay fired a few more punches, and the blood splattered onto ringside, but Clay had no stomach for what he was doing. Smith finally stopped the fight at 1:38 of the sixth round. Cooper had proved his courage and had fought very well. Predictably, however, his brows had done him in.

As if from the smell of blood, the ring became chaotic. Photographers and television interviewers swarmed through the ropes. From back on the grass and up in the stands came a dozen or more drunken young toughs. While the bobbies stood with their arms folded, the toughs clamored over the press rows and a few climbed onto the ring apron. One ginger-haired fellow was shouting, "Black nigger," and "Dirty Yanks" and "Kill the nigger."

His friends echoed him, but the ginger-

haired fellow showed a serious lack of intelligence by doing his shouting near Cleveland Brown Fullback Jim Brown, who is in London for an acting role in a movie called *The Dirty Dozen*, and Brown's white friend and fellow actor, Bob Phillips, a former professional football player. Phillips promptly knocked down the ginger-hair, saving Brown the trouble and possibly preventing a full riot, as by then more white toughs had converged and Negroes were climbing over the seats to get to the scene. There were a few more scattered blows in the general milling and more shouts of, "Kill the nigger," and "Dirty Yanks," and someone tried to rap Clay on the head with a cane as he left the ring, but the bobbies woke up somewhat and got the champion out safely.

"Those people must have been trying to put me on the head to congratulate me," Clay said. "At least I'm not hurt, so I imagine that's what it was. I did hear a few remarks [as did the American

TV audience while the ABC crew was trying to fight off some of the invaders. One ABC man suffered a broken finger, and several other pressmen were bruised or cut], and I understand there were two or three title fights outside the ring. But people here have been wonderful to me. A few sore losers can't poison it."

Cooper, who went into the hospital the next day and had 16 stitches taken in his brow, claimed the cut was opened by an accidental butting of heads.

Clay said it was a punch and challenged doubters to study the film. He complained about the referee and dirty fighting in general and admitted his regret at the way the fight ended.

"Blood scares me," he said. "I was more desperate than anyone else when I saw Cooper bleeding so badly. Being a Muslim and religious, I don't have the inner feelings to beat a man when he's hurt. I didn't want that cut no worse." Clay, of course, did not want that cut at all.



Unmarked and unconcerned after successfully defending title, Clay eats chicken à la Henry VIII.

AND AN IRISHMAN TAKES A SHELLACKING AT SHEA

by MARK KRAM

He was sitting on the edge of the table, staring into the doctor's eyes. His nose looked like the side of a big hill. The eyes were empty, and above each one there were jagged cuts held together by thin strips of clamped tapes. But the real hurt was visible only when he moved off the table, and then his body hung slightly to the left and his face expressed pain when he walked. Wayne Thornton had taken an unforgettable beating.

"I told you I was tough," he said. "I'm California tough."

Thornton was indeed that. For 15 rounds last Saturday night at Shea Stadium a crowd of 12,000 watched Light Heavyweight Champion Jose Torres hammer Thornton with everything but the scoreboard, watched Torres flirt with true greatness and finally witnessed a fight that for pure elemental conflict stood out like Thornton's nose. It was, if your sensibilities could stand it, a magic night for boxing.

It was also a fight that was actually over in the first round. Midway in that round Torres, a 9-to-5 favorite who was making his first title defense and first appearance in a year (in New York's last outdoor show in six years), delivered the blow that finished Thornton. He slammed a right to the back of the challenger's left kidney, and it jacked Thornton up for the eventual devastation. Then, spinning to the left, Torres dug a left hook to the other kidney and followed that with a right cross. Thornton was on his way down, and Torres kept chopping away until Thornton was draped over the ropes. He was down twice in that round, but he survived, and that was all he would do the rest of the evening. He had nothing left.

Willie Pastrano, who was at ringside, pointed to Thornton after the first-round butchery, raised his eyebrows and spread his hands by his heart. Thornton had to have all heart now, he was saying, and who should have known better than Willie? The punch that caught Thornton, the one behind the kidney, was similar to the one that Torres used to destroy Willie's heart—and career.

Still, Torres did not come out of the round undamaged. He had a cut extend-

ing the length of his right eye, where Thornton had butted him. He had difficulty seeing out of it until the eighth round, and between the second and eighth he was not the fighter he had been in the beginning. Chiefly, he appeared tired and discouraged because he had not been able to put Thornton away. He did, however, open cuts above both of Thornton's eyes in the fifth round.

Thornton was staggered again in the eighth and ninth, and at one point he caught nine straight blows to the head. After that series Torres just shook his head. If he was annoyed at Thornton's indestructibility, he was even more disturbed by his opponent's back-alley tactics. Thornton heeled, held (mainly Torres' left hand, the one that kept raking the right kidney), butted and used his shoulder. In the eighth, after a verbal exchange in a clinch, Thornton stuck his tongue out at Torres.

"Man, he es a dirty fighter," Torres said later in the dressing room. "He uses terrible language, too. But I don't mind. I just don't like when he grab my nose and start twisting it. One time he did that and I say, 'Hey, man, let her go.' I also kept sayin' to him, 'Man, you can't fight. I can fight. You punch like a little girl.'"

Thornton did not apologize for his crudity. "Sure," he said, "I knew I was fouling him. Why not? I'd have hit him over the head with the stool if I could. This was for the title."

To be certain, the title in itself is enough to inspire any fighter, but there was a bit more at stake for Jose Torres in this one. He was searching for an identity that he had lost. A proud, intelligent man, he has always wanted to be a symbol to his people. "I only knew I owed my people," he said, telling of his thoughts before the Pastrano fight. "I could only think about my position as the champion. Important people would listen to me, people who could help improve the conditions in which most Puerto Ricans live."

When he did become champion, he returned to Puerto Rico as that symbol. "The government offices closed, the schools closed," he said, "and the sick people waved to me from hospital windows and I heard the sirens of the fire-

houses and the ringing of church bells." Then it all changed. He did not defend his title for a year, the main reason being that he had a pancreas condition. But the Puerto Rican people did not understand anything about—"what you call thees?"—pancreas. Heroes fight, and they fight often. A fighter is not a politician or a writer (Torres wants to be a writer). A fighter just fights.

"I want to win sensationally," he said before meeting Thornton, "so I can convince my people that I am a hero."

Torres did all of that, and was every bit as good as his words. "Now I am a professional," he had said while in training. "I can do many things I wouldn't dare do before. I am on the verge of being an artist." Torres has always had quick, powerful hands that explode into deadly combinations, but equally impressive in last week's fight was the way he moved. When he threw a right to the kidney he was in and out, spinning and cutting to the other side, where he would shoot a left hand to the other kidney or hook to the head. The moves were fluid, and more than anything they reflected a man who knew his business and knew that his business in the immediate future is going to be making money out of his title. His biggest purse prior to Thornton had been only \$14,850. For this one Torres received \$75,000. Thornton collected \$25,000, some of which he will have to squander on a nose job.

"One day I'll get it fixed," said Thornton. "Maybe when I'm through fighting. But I don't pay much attention to it anyway. I've got a lot to show for it."

He had chopped cotton in Louisiana when he was 10 years old, and then he moved to California, where he rode "sickles" and the waves of the Pacific and where, as a kid, he looked for fights and usually found them. But now Thornton is all respectability, the owner of four apartment buildings and an insurance agency, and he walks around forever smiling like a guy who has put something over on the world. "Why do I always smile?" he asks. "Why not? I never thought life could be this good."

This, of course, was said before the fight. Afterward it took a while for the old buoyancy to reassert itself. When it



Craving after a hard left to the jaw, Thornton tries to keep a left-hand guard over kidneys that were pounded throughout fight by Torres.

did, his smile told anyone who was interested that Wayne Thornton's life does not change because of one beating. Yes, he was disappointed, but that was only because he had been so impotent against Torres. All he could do was hold on. His plan had been to crowd Torres, to stay in command and to go to the body early and then to the head.

"I just didn't have anything left after that punch to the kidney in the first round," he said. "We thought Torres would fold between the second and eighth rounds, but he didn't. Even if he had, I couldn't have done anything. Sure, it seemed he'd forget to throw to

the kidney for three rounds, but then he'd come back and—rap, rap, rap!"

Would he fight Torres again?

"I'd do it once a week. Just give me time to rest," he said, and then, as if remembering something he should have never forgotten, he added: "Willie Pastirano warned me of that kidney punch. He said he got hit there by Torres, too, and that he saw yellow spots. I saw them, too."

Over in the other dressing quarters, which were jammed with such friends as Norman Mailer and Peter Falk and a phalanx of his countrymen, Torres sat in a little office before coming out to the

main room. When he did emerge, the Puerto Ricans started shouting: "Here he comes, here he comes! Make way for Jose." Torres found his way to a table and stood on it. The cameras flashed, and the questions fell. "Yes," he said, "I saw Clay fight on television this afternoon. I think I had a tougher time with Thornton than I would with Clay."

"*Arriba, arriba!*" his followers squealed in response to the answer.

The literary professors, it seems, will have to struggle along a while longer without the services of Jose Torres. The proud Puerto Ricans could not be happier. *Arriba!*

END

THE KING CLOSES IN ON A CROWN

Wire-to-wire winner of the Derby, Kauai King romped off with the Preakness using a different strategy. He thereby established himself as the clear favorite to capture the Belmont and the Triple Crown **by WHITNEY TOWER**

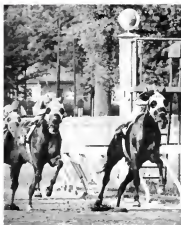
At Alfred Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm, a dozen miles outside Baltimore, the old Gray Ghost, Native Dancer, loitered in the same depressing 80° heat and stifling humidity that enveloped the crowd of 36,114 at Pimlico. The Dancer, now a massive 1,370 pounds and as white as a Thoroughbred ever gets to be, had galloped nearly a mile and a half in the morning. Since he is not much of a television buff Native Dancer was, no doubt, unaware that 13 years ago he had thrilled a newly awakened TV-sports audience with a brilliant neck victory over Jamie K. in the 78th Preakness.

The Native Dancer progeny, in this

country at least, have not lived up to their daddy's fantastic 21-of-22 record, but last week, on the same traditional course, The Dancer's finest son did his parents and the entire state of Maryland mighty proud, Kauai King, Mike Ford's agile and versatile colt (whose dam, Sweep In, was an ancient 21 when she foaled him on April 3, 1963), proved to those in the racing world who may have doubted his superiority that he is already a champion of rare ability.

The Maryland-bred King, performing for a home-state audience that bet him down to even money after his easy wire-to-wire victory in the Kentucky Derby,

romped off with the Preakness by beating Stupendous a length and three quarters in the second fastest Preakness ever run. Only Nashua, who set a track record of 1:54 3/5 in 1955, won the mile-and-three-sixteenths Triple Crown classic in faster time than Kauai King's 1:55 2/5. But in Thoroughbred racing time is seldom the only accurate gauge by which to judge a horse. Kauai King took command of this race with even more authority than he used to humble his rivals in Louisville. At Churchill Downs he led every step of the way, and none of the 14 others could catch him. In the Preakness he again broke first, this time in a



Coming into the stretch (left), Kauai King goes after Stupendous, who led most of the race, and then beats him to the wire by nearly two lengths.

field of nine, and after allowing a true speed horse, Stupendous, to take the lead going into the clubhouse turn and to hang onto it precariously until mid-stretch, the King swept by on his way to an easy, almost effortless, victory. It was, said Trainer Henry Forrest, "no question about it, his finest race yet."

Horse races—especially the classics over testing distances—are seldom run exactly according to advance plan, but the 91st Preakness was, at least for the Kauai King contingent. Two days before the race the Pimlico people put on what they call the "alibi breakfast," at which the press is invited to listen while owners, trainers and jockeys sit around for a couple of hours politely swapping lies about what their mighty horses are about to do to alter the course of racing history. There were really only two pertinent remarks made at last week's alibi breakfast. One came from wise old Humphrey Finney, the famous auctioneer who sold Kauai King to Ford for \$42,000 at the 1964 Saratoga yearling sales. Said Finney, peering down his nose through his famous pair of slipping spectacles, "As a yearling Kauai King was outstanding. He won the first prize at the Warrenton, Va. show for conformation, and with his bold and handsome looks he gave me the impression of both class and durability."

A few minutes later Eddie Arcaro, who has ridden six Preakness winners, was asked which horse in the 1966 field he'd choose to ride. "Kauai King, of course," he said. "When you have a horse with the versatility to go to the front or come from behind, that's the horse for me."

Naturally, it figured that one of the reasons Kauai King had won his Kentucky Derby so convincingly was because his rivals had either been unable to run with him for the first part of it, or had chosen not to try. In the Preakness rival trainers vowed things would be different. One colt whose strategy surely would be different was the Wheatley Stable's Stupendous. This son of Bold Ruler, when rated in the Derby, hung in the stretch and ultimately finished, like his sire, a tired fourth. Said Trainer Eddie Deloy before the Preakness, "I'll give you one guess where Stupendous will be going into the first turn."

None of the other owners or trainers really talked as if they had much chance and, as it turned out, they never did. Max Hirsch, who was a jockey at Pim-

lico in 1894, said of Mrs. Edward Lasker's Indulto, who was held out of the Derby, "He's a bony little horse, and I thought I better not run him too often." Indulto, seasoned just fine to run a mile but not an extra three-sixteenths, finished fifth and exhausted.

From the start the Preakness was a fine race—for two horses. Kauai King broke on top and Don Brumfield took a good hold on him as they rolled past the stands the first time. Outside of them Braulio Baeza started alertly with Stupendous and quickly set his sights on the lead. By the time the two horses swept into the first turn they were locked in a battle of their own. Although the rest of the field may not have known it at the time, that battle was to account for the first and second monies of \$129,000 and \$30,000 of the gross pot of \$181,500.

Brumfield, who was as sharp on Preakness Day as his horse, was not about to be suckered into a speed duel with Baeza. "Kauai King wasn't as rank as he was in the Derby," he said, "and I had a good hold on him going into that turn. But Stupendous was putting me pretty close to the rail, so I figured I'd ease back off him a bit and let Baeza go on. On the backstretch, when I trailed Stupendous more than two lengths, I had him beat double but I let him pick up the pace a bit at the half-mile pole."

Baeza recalled that "Stupendous was running nice and kind." That may have been true, but when Brumfield pulled Kauai King out and sent him up to challenge Stupendous, there was never a moment's doubt as to the ultimate outcome. As the two colts headed into the stretch they were nearly together, but by the eighth pole Stupendous was finished. Kauai King pulled away in the last furlong with ridiculous ease. Owner Ford, who wore an Egyptian good-luck charm under the lapel of his coat, sighed with relief and said, "When Brumfield made his move I knew it was all over. This isn't just the most exciting horse I've ever owned, it is the most exciting horse I've ever seen."

In third place behind Stupendous came Amberoid, another five lengths back, while strung out behind were Rehabilitate, Indulto, Advocate, Exceedingly, Understanding and Blue Skyer. Only the latter, who came back breathing with some difficulty (as he did when he finished last in the Florida Derby) had an excuse. Ron Turcotte, fourth on Rob-

ert Lehman's Rehabilitate, said, "Kauai King is just too fast for the rest of us." Said Bill Boland, who rides Reginald Webster's Amberoid, "My horse can't beat Kauai King, no matter how far they go. He's the best around, the best of his class and has the best chance of any horse in years to win the Triple Crown."

The final race in the series, the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct next week, poses the greatest challenge. Some of the Preakness and Derby starters, for obvious reasons, will not tackle the King again so soon. Others, newcomers like Buffle, may try him, but, no matter who goes in the Belmont, Kauai King is the champion 3-year-old as of this moment, and he will take an awful lot of beating. While all kinds of excuses can be made for some colts now on the shelf—Buckpasser (who may return to action after the Belmont), Graustark, Boldnesian and Saber Mountain—Kauai King is sound, seasoned and fit. He is the best of the crop and very good indeed. On June 4 he could become the ninth horse in history to win the Triple Crown and the first since Citation in 1948. In all the time since Citation's great year only three horses—Tim Tam, Carry Back and Northern Dancer—won both the Derby and Preakness, putting themselves into contention for the Triple Crown. Of the three, Tim Tam had the best chance in 1956 until he broke a bone in his foot turning for home, nonetheless gamely hanging on to be second to Cavan. Three years later Carry Back, a great middle-distance runner, found the mile and a half too long and finished seventh to Sherlock. Northern Dancer, whose trainer, Horatio Luro, doubted that he could run his best race at 12 furlongs, did well to finish third to Quadrangle.

And so it is squarely up to Kauai King, and it does not appear that the extra distance will bother him, no matter what the opposition. After the Preakness, Don Brumfield came charging up to the press box, still in his blue and white silks. The onetime yo-yo champion of Lexington, Ky., took a perch by the busy teletype machines and answered a barrage of questions with the poise and adroitness of an Arcaro.

"It would be a great thing for racing," suggested one reporter, "if Kauai King won the Triple Crown after all these years." Brumfield looked at his audience and grinned. "I think it would be a great thing for me, too," he said. **END**



Longtime Baltimore Oriole hero Brooks Robinson (left) has found in power-hitter Frank Robinson (right) a new partner to help produce runs.

SMASH NEW ACT OF THE SEASON

Baseball's biggest winter trade brought Frank Robinson from the Reds to the Orioles to join Brooks Robinson. Together the two have won game after game for a team that has lacked consistency **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The Act opened in Boston six weeks ago and did 12,000 paid, which, if it ain't socks, is better than the Dolly Sisters ever did in Boston on the Tuesday after Easter with the temperature in the 40s. When The Act played New York on a cold, miserable, overcast Sunday it drew 13,800, a tribute to the power of a good advance. Three weeks ago in Baltimore it pulled a record 49,000. Two weeks ago in Cleveland it lured 34,100 from the barbecues of Shaker Heights to Municipal Stadium and, brother, that is socks. And last week in Baltimore—Preakness Week, mind you—it got 67,700 for four appearances in three days, and David Merrick would probably trade *Cactus Flower* even up for The Act right now.

Nobody, however, has a chance to get Frank and Brooks Robinson away from the Baltimore Orioles. In an era when pitching and speed are dominating major league baseball—and maybe even dulling it a bit—the Robinsons have prevented hitting from becoming a lost art. Hitting back to back for the Orioles,

they have been exploiting situations, bringing crowds to their feet as well as into the ball park, changing baseball games around as quickly as you can say base hit.

The American League seems to be filled with acts this season, but so far the two Robinsons are by far the most interesting. This week they play for the first time in the cities where the crowds should be, if the weather holds: Chicago, Anaheim, Minneapolis-St. Paul. If they continue to do all year what they have done the first six weeks, they could even upstage the American League's last big gate attraction, Mays and Mantle back in 1961.

Actually, The Act has only lived up to expectations. Frank, who came from Cincinnati last December in the trade for Milt Pappas, Dick Simpson and Jack Baldschun, was a name to be mentioned in the same breath with Henry Aaron and Willie Mays in the National League. Brooks, for six years, had ranked second only to crab cakes in Baltimore. But as The Act was being polished on tour in

Florida during spring training, it looked too good to be true. Skeptics said wait, wait until the regular season begins.

Then it opened in Boston, dear Boston, and did it ever open. It was a smash in the very first inning of the very first game of the new season. Frank Robinson stepped to the plate for his first time at bat in the American League and began the ritualistic process that for 10 years had sent shivers up and down the spines of National League pitchers. Digging his spikes into the batter's box, Robinson scratched away the white chalk line from the front of the box. He smoothed the dirt with his hands, readying the earth the way little old ladies prepare the soil for petunias. He put his left foot almost on the edge of the plate and, swack!, got hit by a pitch from Boston's Earl Wilson. Back in Baltimore people sucked in their breath as they listened on radios, but Frank merely trotted off to first base, and up came Brooks.

That is the name around Baltimore. Brooks. It has always been "Brooks this" and "Brooks that." Great plays by



Their one-two combination has rival American League pitchers in a state of shock and delighted Baltimore fans cheering every move they make

"Brooks." Pressure hit piled upon pressure hit by "Brooks." When Brooks won the Most Valuable Player award two seasons back, it was as though all Baltimore had won it. The thing Baltimore wanted now in this situation was the impossible, a home run. Brooks gave it to them, high over the left-field wall, and The Act was on its way. Where will it end?

In that first game the Robinsons collected five hits, three runs, two home runs, four runs batted in and a stolen base. In the Orioles' first four games Frank and Brooks hit three home runs apiece, Brooks batted in eight runs and Frank scored six. They tore the New York Yankees apart in five games by combining for a .470 batting average and 12 runs batted in. And they kept it up against the other clubs.

Last weekend they were second and third in the league in hitting, and the only thing that kept them from being first and second was Minnesota's Tony Oliva, who, it has been suggested, should form a third league of his own. Brooks led the league in runs driven in, Frank led it in scoring. Brooks led the league in doubles and hits, and Frank was one short of the lead in home runs. Beyond the statistics is the challenge they present to the enemy. Only once have opposing pitchers been able to hold both Robinsons hitless in a game. In Baltimore's first 32 games, the two were responsible

24 times for driving in the winning run, the tying run, the go-ahead run or the run that brought the Orioles to within one of a tie.

The biggest moment came when Frank Robinson hit a home run out of Memorial Stadium three weeks ago before that crowd of 49,000. It was the first fair ball ever hit out of the big stadium. Later Brooks pointed out where Frank had hit it. "Right up there, just over the bleacher wall. It was measured at 451 feet on the fly and 540 feet overall. He really creamed it. He's a tremendous guy to be playing with and to hit behind. He gets on base so often, and he can steal and set up a run for us. Sure, that puts pressure on me, but I enjoy it." Brooks looked out at the left-field bleachers. "Some of the fans put a sign up where the ball went out of the park." The sign says, simply, **HIRE!**

When Brooks was asked if he knew his own batting average, he laughed. Asked if he kept track of Frank's, he smiled. "Now," he said, "ball players aren't supposed to say they keep close track of their batting averages all the time. You know when you are going good." Then Brooks rolled up the short right sleeve of his uniform blouse and peeked inside. "Would you believe .350 and .346?" he asked.

Anyone who has seen The Act will believe anything, for its importance to

the Orioles is almost unbelievable. Two weeks ago, for instance, everyone on the team except the Robinsons stopped hitting. "In all the time I have been in baseball," said Manager Hank Bauer, "I have never seen a team go into a hitting slump like this. If we hadn't had Brooks and Frank, I don't know where we would be." Boog Powell, the big first baseman, had gone 1 for 40 and was batting .180. Dave Johnson, the rookie second baseman, had sagged to .200. Luis Aparicio was down to .218. Curt Blefary, last year's Rookie of the Year, was hitting .230. Andy Etchebarren, the gritty young catcher, had fallen off to .240. "This slump has us all down," Bauer added. "But sometimes a silly little hit can break a team out of a thing like this."

On Blefary's first at bat after Bauer's talk he got a silly little hit that drove in a run, and in the same series Etchebarren homered and tripled. But more important, the Robinsons, still sailing along, hit two homers each. If they can keep it up and if the other Orioles indeed come out of the dismal slump, June could be a rich, rich month for Baltimore. The Orioles play 32 consecutive games in June against California, Kansas City, Washington, Boston and the Yankees, the five teams that made up the American League's second division last year. They say that pennants are won by beating the tailenders.

ENO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

A BIG HOOSIER HURRY

MEMORIAL DAY BRINGS A MOST SPECIAL INDIANAPOLIS 500-MILE RACE—THE 50TH—AND THE CLIMAX OF A MONTH-LONG PAGEANT CONTAINING A THOUSAND VIVID ELEMENTS. THE INDIANAPOLIS SCENE IS QUINTESSENTIALLY ONE OF MOVEMENT, FROM THE STARTER'S FLOURISH OF A GREEN FLAG (OPPOSITE), SENDING A DRIVER ON A QUALIFYING RUN, TO THE SWIFT MOMENTUM OF THE RACE ITSELF. TURN THE PAGE FOR A SAMPLER OF THAT HOOSIER HURRY, AND THE STORY OF A YOUNG DRIVER'S MOVE TOWARD STARDOM.







THE INDY HUSTLE IS REFLECTED IN BURSTS OF COLOR: A MOTORCYCLIST SPEEDING TO TOWN FOR THE RACE; CHECKERED FLAGS WAVING FROM OVERLOADED, PAINTED-UP CARS IN THE PARTY LINE THAT WAITS ALL NIGHT LONG BEFORE THE RACE ON 16TH STREET OUTSIDE THE SPEEDWAY, AND INSIDE, IN GASLINE ALLEY (LEFT), MECHANICS TOILING NIGHTLY WITH URGENT DELICACY IN A TENSE WORLD INSULATED FROM THE SWINGING PARTY AROUND IT BY THE EXCEPTIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF SPEED.



ON BOO DAY PURDUE'S GOLDEN GIRL LEADS THE UNIVERSITY'S BAND ALONG THE SPEEDWAY HOMESTRETCH, THEN, AFTER CEREMONIAL BOMB BURSTS AND AN UPWARD RUSH OF BRIGHT BALLOONS, THE RACE BEGINS. THE ACTION SUDDENLY BECOMES SERIOUS AND SOBER AS 33 MEN, LIKE YOUNG MICKEY RUPP AT RIGHT, ROLL OUT ON THE RUN FOR MONEY AND GLORY AND A KISS FROM THE COMELY INDIANAPOLIS FESTIVAL QUEEN.





The name is Mario Andretti, and the time has come for track announcers and long-distance telephone operators to shape up and learn how to pronounce it (it rhymes with confetti). You cannot go on indefinitely calling the national driving champion "Andreo" and "Mary Andretti," as announcers and operators everywhere seem bent on doing, though in all fairness to them Andretti's arrival as a major figure on the U.S. racing scene has been singularly abrupt. Two years ago when he joined USAC and began to drive for Dean Van Lines, people who follow racing closely said, "Who?"

Even in his home town of Nazareth, Pa., where he has lived since he came from Italy in 1955, Andretti was not well known until recently, and Nazareth, a Pennsylvania Dutch community of some six or seven thousand souls, is not a town of national excitement, unless you count the two cement mills. But last year Mario took third in his first time out at Indianapolis. Now people in the local restaurant will tell you, "He's held in pretty high esteem, the way I understand it. He's the town hee-ro," and the cook can say, "All of a sudden everybody's telling me how close they are to Andretti. I've been going to this barber for years and he never mentioned Andretti, and now he's his godfather or something, and he's got pictures of him all over." Mario has not been unbowed by all this fame. He says dryly, "They still aren't beating down the door." They will be, they will be. He has begun shattering records and is so young he has plenty of time to grind up the paces.

When Mario won the driving championship last year at the age of 25 he was the youngest driver ever to do so, younger by six weeks than, of all people, A. J. Foyt, his principal rival in championship racing. Foyt, an incumbent tiger, is only 31 himself. He has won more championship races than any other driver in history, and at 31 he is not about to go off and sit down somewhere with a shawl across his knees. The arrival of Tiger

Presumptive Andretti means that we are in for some years of races like the 1965 Indianapolis 500, which Chuck Barnes, manager of both drivers, describes as "so spectacular you just wanted to go and hide someplace." Foyt and Andretti finished behind Jim Clark in that race, but this year it is Mario who starts on the pole, with an authoritative qualifying edge of nearly 2 mph over Clark.

After Memorial Day it will be back to the circuit, where Foyt and Andretti will continue to fight it out, and in the process may rack up a real record for Rodger Ward, who has taken to running behind the two of them and then finishing first after A. J. and Mario have run each other out—a remunerative, if unexhilarating, procedure.

Mario Andretti, a 5-foot 4-inch Italian with, inexplicably, a flawless Italian profile, was born outside of Trieste in 1940, the elder, by five hours, of twins. If Mario was the elder, his brother Aldo grew an inch taller. These minimal differences canceling out, the two of them proceeded with a single determination to become race drivers. They saw their first race together in 1953 at Monza and, still only 13, drove their first races that same year at Ancona in a Formula Junior program then newly developed in Italy for boys 14 and over. Beating the age limit was nothing compared to circumventing the Andretti family opposition to their racing at all, ever, in anything. Alvise Andretti was against it with the full weight of Italian fatherhood, but Italian fatherhood ran second to Italian cunning, since Aldo and Mario managed to race for a year and a half in Italy and a year in the U.S. before Mr. Andretti found out what they were doing.

"All my relations over there who say now they saw me race—they're lying," Mario observes. "None of them knew it, except my old uncle priest, and I had him hiding it because I told him in confession so he couldn't tell."

When Alvise Andretti finally did find out, it was not in a fashion calculated

continued

THE MAN BUCKLING ON HIS
HELMET IS MARIO ANDRETTI.
STILL UNKNOWN, HE IS NOW
THE YOUNGEST U.S. DRIVING
CHAMPION, AND AT 26 THE . . .

FASTEST HEE-RO AT INDY

BY BARBARA LA FONTAINE

to soften him up any. Aldo crashed at Hatfield, Pa. in 1959 and fractured his skull. He was taken to the hospital in a coma that lasted six days. "You can't believe how bad it was around that house," Mario says. "You know what Aldo said when he came out of his coma? 'I'm glad you're the one who had to go home and face the old man.' We were all living in the same house, and we didn't communicate for months. My poor mother."

"What really got him, though," Mario adds, "was when he found out we'd built another car. He thought, you know, after the accident, that we'd learned our lesson." What could their father have done to stop them in the beginning in Italy? "The only thing he could have done over here. Put us to the wall and shot us."

As for Aldo, things have been very difficult. He went back to racing in 1961 and 1962, but, Mario says unhappily, "he thought he had lost so much time. He tried too hard, and he got in a lot of crashes." Aldo quit again, and he moved out of Nazareth to Indiana. "We used to be inseparable," Mario says, "but he had to settle down in a different way. He couldn't bear to see me take off on the weekends."

Aldo, who appears to have his full share of the Andretti intransigence, is now driving again, and he and Mario, in their lemminglike insistence on racing, are perfect examples of the born race driver, whatever that is. They raise the old and hopeless question of why young men insist on being race drivers at all—a question that is always asked and always untidily answered.

Mario tries to explain, and in a mixture of inexactitude and paradox, he comes closer to conveying something than the glib exponents. There is pride, of course. And glory. And money. Mario admits to having run for the glory of it, but that was when he was 13. Now he speaks feelingly of the money. "Anybody who can drive and doesn't come out of this a rich man is a fool." As for pride, a subtler point, he says, "I don't have any feeling of accomplishment about something unless there's a lot of risk to it. I mean, I don't want to go out there and do something 3,000 other people can do."

He could, presumably, put in a couple of years hanging by his knees and learning to pick up needles with his eyelids, as Houdini is said to have done—something at least 2,599 other people could not do—but that is not racing. It would lack the particular danger that, once accepted, means you say you are the best, and you choose to back up the statement with your life. But while Mario says he finds no satisfaction in doing something that lacks risk, he also goes on to say that if he allowed himself to think in terms of the risk, he would have to quit—a seeming paradox, but a thoroughly sound statement emotionally.

His manager, Barnes, was opposed to Mario's running before Indianapolis at Eldora, the high-banked, fast dirt track where Sprint-car Champion Johnny Rutherford had flipped a few weeks earlier and was miraculously hauled out alive. It was ridiculous, Barnes felt, for Mario to risk injury in a small race with Indianapolis coming up. Mario (who, when asked if he can think of anything he has ever changed his mind about, cannot) was determined to run. "It doesn't make sense, but that's the way I feel about it, and *that* makes sense," he said. "I can't make them understand, so I just don't talk about it. But if you start thinking you may get hurt you may as well get out of racing."

Mario visited Rutherford in the hospital in Dayton. Johnny lay in bed with casts on both arms from knuckle to shoulder, looking disconsolately at the television set out of a pair of bright, blood-red eyes. His sole concern was his chance of getting out of all that plaster in time to race at Indianapolis. When Mario left, Rutherford dragged himself out of bed and stood at the window, the sun blazing on the expanse of white cast, to wave a wholly envious farewell to a man off to drive the track where his accident had happened. People who are put off by bullfighting (with which racing is often compared) because one of the contestants is unwilling cannot find fault with racing on the same grounds. Rutherford and Foyt and Andretti are all, God knows, equally willing, a fact that permits both admirers and detractors of bullfighting to find great beauty in championship racing.

To write more than the facts about Mario Andretti is to hack one's way through thickets of superlatives. His

cousin, Louis Messenlehner, who runs a service station in Nazareth where both boys were employed, says that they were the best workers he ever had, that there was nothing they would not do for anybody and that never, never would they have sat while he stood. "They would jump up and stand like they were in the Italian army, Aldo and Mario," he recalls.

Al Dean, the owner of Mario's car, says, "He is the most exciting driver I have ever watched." His chief mechanic has called him "the finest driver ever to come to the Speedway." Robert Hunsinger, who took the photograph on page 36, says Mario is the nicest driver he has ever worked with: "He's just such a great guy." Mario's manager finds him so businesslike, mature and self-possessed that he says, "He almost scares me that way. And the young ladies think he is the greatest thing since sliced bread and—ah—this could cause trouble." Mario, who is married to a pretty girl from Nazareth and is the father of two little boys, does not allow the young ladies to cause trouble.

All of which adds up to a lot of splendor, and it was somehow reassuring to hear Andretti say last month in Ohio that he frequently felt like putting a wrench through reporters' skulls. He also said, with that obligingness to which everyone refers, that actually he is moody, strange, negligent in certain respects and infinitely stubborn. Mousing around after him for a while one does hear some cheerily vivid and unprintable language. Nevertheless, these few humanizing imperfections are minor, and the fact is that Andretti is precisely as good a man as he is said to be.

He proved it last month in Ohio, The time before the races at Eldora, Reading, Pa., Trenton, N.J. and, finally, Indianapolis is a period when a driver logically ought to be resting or practicing or at least home eating yogurt. Mario was rushing around Cincinnati and Dayton for a series of radio and TV appearances and newspaper interviews, which at best are not, as he says, "my cup of tea. I don't get this nervous in a race car." His schedule was in the hands of a man we shall call Harry, because Harry is not his name, who is excellent at arrangements, except when he has strayed into the whiskey, and he had so strayed. It made for several days of severe confusion. By Friday, Mario had thought it

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was all over, but late in the morning he had to call a friend to say gloomily, "Will you watch out for Harry? He never came back last night. He was supposed to get me a car to go to Indianapolis, and I told Bruce Barnes [the brother of Mario's manager] that I'd take him."

"Watching out for" sounded like a more passive effort than was going to be required to turn up a man on a bender in a town he knew like his own house. Mario's friend watched out conscientiously, but by 3 p.m. the method had established only that Harry had been sighted, briefly, if excitedly, like a flying saucer, in the hotel lobby, but was gone again, leaving no messages. By 4, though, he had been found, and he confirmed the suspicion that he had not arranged for an automobile. Mario rented a car and was preparing to leave when a new problem developed. "Harry's gone again," Mario announced hollowly, "and my suit and helmet are in his car."

Mario was running at Eldora on Sunday, and you don't run a race without your helmet—especially a race at Eldora. The reason Johnny Rutherford lost control there was that he was hit clean between the eyes by a wheel-thrown rock. Mario was seriously interested in getting his helmet back. "He was *Aw*," Mario kept saying, "and I let him slip right out from under me."

A series of telephone calls finally unearthed Harry, who gave Mario involved directions for finding the car. Leaping into his Hertz Mercury, Mario shortly found himself in a peripheral Dayton neighborhood that seemed like a funny place for Harry to have got to and, sure enough, the car was not there. It was not in the more likely neighborhood Mario tried next, either, and he sat in the front seat of the Mercury, possibly figuring how long it was going to be before anybody saw Harry again if he saw him first. Then he went back to the hotel, where a desk clerk said, rather coldly, "If you're looking for your friend, he's up on the ninth floor trying to get into the wrong room." Mario achieved the ninth floor in about two seconds flat, charged into the darkness of room 915 and shook the figure on the bed. "All right, Harry. Where is the car?"

"It's right downstairs in the parking lot."

Mario moved out of room 915, downstairs, past the parking attendants,

out to the basement lot, up to the second floor lot, out around the back again, up in the elevator and back into room 915. It was a quick trip. "I'm going to pour a bucket of water on him," Mario said. But room 915 was unequipped with a bucket; the best Mario could do was a sanitized water glass. Harry struggled to a sitting position in the dimness, looked at Mario with his glass and said, with a flash of gladness that had to break your heart, "Mario? You drinking?"

"Harry, I'm going to throw this in your face if you don't tell me where you put the car."

Harry, crushed, said, "Mario, you mad at me?"

"The car."

"We'll find the car. Don't you worry. We'll find the car." Harry got up and stuffed his bare feet into an extraordinary pair of worn boots. Mario put his coat on him, and down they went to the lobby, where their appearance was not greeted with glad cries. Everyone got into the Mercury, and Harry directed Mario to a street where Harry announced triumphantly, "There it is!" The car was a blue Buick. His car was a tan Chevrolet station wagon. "That's not the car," Mario said.

Harry suddenly remembered they were in front of a friend's house; he would guide them to the car. "Oh, I have often gone out looking for Harry's car," the gentleman said, "and pretty often found it, too." As Mario drove through the small back streets of Dayton with a self-control that all that wheel-to-wheel stuff with A. J. on the Indianapolis track is never going to require of him, the friend said dimly, "You drive better than I do. But then you got a better car."

It was dark by the time someone remembered the newspaper, where Harry had many friends and where the station wagon was found across the street in a parking lot. Mario spotted it, got out and ran. It was only in the way he flung up his arm from the back of the parking lot that revealed the pressure he had been under during the past few hours. His courtesy toward Harry's friend had never wavered even into tenseness, and he had not, after all, thrown the water on Harry. He did, however, now quietly express a desire to get out of Dayton.

Mario did not do well at Eldora after all this. And he lost at Trenton two weeks later, but only after driving as

nearly perfect a race as one is likely to see. He broke the Trenton lap record with a qualifying time of 31.11 (115.718 mph) and moved out first on the pole to stay there until the 18th lap, when A. J. Foyt crept past him. Foyt ran out in front for 22 laps, but Mario moved back with a thoroughness that was brutal. He passed Foyt on the outside of the second turn and left him behind as if Foyt, in his Lotus-Ford, had been running in an old Studebaker.

Foyt was finally retired after 85 miles with gearbox trouble, leaving Mario with a three-quarter-lap lead over Rodger Ward. But Mario picked up a bit of metal and had to stop for a tire change. He came back and was running fourth when the race was called after 102 miles because of rain. Ward was the winner, and Mario stood besieged, signing autographs beneath a sun which, had it appeared 10 minutes earlier, probably would have handed the race back to him. With 48 miles to go, he could have come on easily in the Dean Van Lines' Brawner-Brabham Ford, which was handling beautifully. As it was, he stood, slight, straight and bemused, patiently replying to the people who persisted in asking how he felt. He did not feel good. But he managed the usual Andretti performance and refrained from being entirely colorful about it.

That sort of loss, however, is racing, which is one of those endeavors where it is not how you play the game but whether you win or lose. When you do lose, Mario says, "for three days it's just pure hell. Man, you feel like killing yourself, hating yourself, quitting. It's just not worth it. Until about Wednesday, and then you start worrying about the next race."

If Mario's self-control is immense, it is probably because he has a thoroughly uncompromising nature. As he says, "If you can't show it to me in black and white, forget it." But there is a good deal of hypothetical violence in Mario that keeps turning up in the modesty, the dry wit and interesting lucidity of his random observations. You cannot goad him into saying anything against anyone, for whatever good reason, but he will say, suddenly and harshly, at the sight of a sloppy, long-haired teen-ager trying to cross a street, "Run him down."

Continued

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I hate that hair. I haven't shot anybody yet, but if I shot him my conscience would be easy." Mario is not about to run anybody down. It is just that all that self-control is too much for anyone to manage 24 hours a day, and it results in impersonal explosions where he would not permit himself personal ones, and in a private nervous weariness. His choice of a messy unknown teen-ager, though, is probably not a random one. Mario's own youth was not a period when children indulged in fads and nonsense.

"Our childhood, in our teens, was more or less spoiled by the war," he says. "We were born when the war started, and we didn't know anything but war. It's good we had a sister with an artistic mind. Like for Christmas we'd get a piece of cardboard painted like a truck, and we'd zoom it around—I don't know at that whether my kids, with all the toys they've got, enjoy them any more."

After Italy lost the war, the land outside of Trieste was ceded to Yugoslavia. "In order to retain their Italian citizenship," Mario says, "my family and many others had to move out with just what they could carry. We moved to Lucca, near Florence, but there was really nothing for my father to do there, and he figured, what did we have to lose?" Thus in 1955 the family immigrated to Nazareth, where Mario's mother had family—where now, in 1966, Mario is the town hee-ro, and from which base of operations he is in the process of becoming a national and an international hee-ro.

There is every likelihood that Andretti is going to be one of the ultimately great race drivers. He is a brilliant, a beautiful driver. He is also methodical, stubborn and monomaniacal. And he is short, which is to say competitive. Few phenomena in nature compare in tenacity with the short man's insistence on being best. Plants growing through rock are not even contenders. But what would he have done if he had been born 100 years earlier?

"I would have been a knight," he says promptly.

But by 1866 knighthood was really out of flower. "A cultivator, then, I would have grown potatoes," Mario reverses himself cheerfully, and there he is. A knight in his pride and a potato-grower in his practicality—how are you going to beat that?

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NAVY'S STAR WITH A STICK

Even in Maryland, where lacrosse enjoys exalted status and local talent is idolized, Jimmy Lewis of New York is hailed as the game's best player

by FRANK DEFORD



The state of Maryland brooks no dissent in estimates of its favored athletic stalwarts. Their reputations are inviolate; an appreciative citizenry cannot do enough for them. Thus at the University of Maryland the football coach once was moved up to university president, and now it is considered unpatriotic if one does not purchase hamburgers from either Gino Marchetti (15¢, buy 'em by the bag) or Alan Ameche (55¢ Powerhouse). By the same token, because it brings the Colt and Oriole games to a grateful public, National Beer—"brewed on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay"—is viewed as a benefactor, never as a mere sponsor.

Nothing in the Free State is so highly esteemed as National Beer, though the game of lacrosse is just as indigenous, and it is the state sport now that

slot machines are being phased out. Lacrosse has always been the showcase for the flower of Maryland manhood. So it comes as a considerable shock to discover that all around the state, whenever fans fight for the privilege of buying another National—from Steinwasers' over the bridge in Mount Washington on down to Annapolis and the Red Coach—the lacrosse talk concerns that kid from Uniondale on Long Island: Midshipman James Lewis, attackman on the champion Navy team.

Only one other out-of-state lacrosse star has ever been granted such acclaim in Maryland, and that was Jimmy Brown, Luke Brown—but for entirely different reasons—Lewis will never be able to play lacrosse again once he graduates this June. Thus something of a sense of urgency has been created. With the end

of his career approaching, there is a rush to assess Lewis before he is really gone—out of the game and off to flying Navy jets.

The Baltimore Sunpapers, beacon of Maryland thought, capped the discussions with a cover story on Lewis in a recent *Sunday Sun* supplement. It was headlined GREATEST LIVING LACROSSEMAN. Indeed, there seems to be no argument left against the claim that Lewis is the best player of his era. Neither is there any contemporary award left for him. In both his sophomore and junior years he was not only an All-America, but winner of the Turnbull Trophy, which is presented to the nation's best attackman (actually, the best attackman to play on Maryland soil). At graduation ceremonies next month he will be awarded the Naval Academy Athlete Associa-



SLIPPING BY DEFENSEMAN, LEWIS MANEUVERS FOR ONE OF HIS FOUR GOALS AGAINST JOHN HOPKINS IN GAME NAVY WON 12-7

tion sword for excellence, as the best athlete at the academy.

By now, in fact, only the memories of a few stars from the past can be invoked for purposes of comparison. These include Bobby Poole, an attackman with St. John's of Annapolis in the early '30s; Jack Turnbull, who played at Johns Hopkins and on the Mount Washington Lacrosse Club in the same decade, and Billy Hooper, a Baltimorean who strayed to the University of Virginia and then returned to finish his career at Mount Washington. Hooper retired in 1955 Jimmy Brown was the only other player usually ranked with this group, until Lewis appeared. But Brown played lacrosse for only a few years—when he was at Syracuse—and, as Derty Moore, the president of the Lacrosse Hall of Fame, points out, there are certain intricacies of

the game that even an athlete like Brown could not master in such a short period. Lewis, on the other hand, does everything well. If he could play club lacrosse for a few years, merely to polish his skills with experience and to display them longer, he would remove all doubts that he has never had a peer on the lacrosse field. "If Jimmy played for Mount Washington," Lewis' coach, Bill Bilderback, says, "there just wouldn't be any sense going to the games. He's that good."

Lewis was so outstanding in high school that Uniondale Coach Terry McDonald had to take him out of most games early in order to keep from running up scores. At the same time, he was so small that no college coach was really interested in him, except Bilderback, who had been lucky enough to see Lewis in action as captain of his county's

champion basketball team. "You could see then how really strong he was," Bilderback says, "particularly in the arms and shoulders."

Stockier now, Lewis is still only 5 feet 9 and seldom reaches his program weight of 160. "In high school I was really, really small," he says. "Now I'm just small." Lewis got into the academy as an alternate, the hasty appointment of a Mississippi Congressman, since New York's representatives had their slates filled. (Jimmy continues to get letters from one New York Congressman asking him if he is still interested in applying to Annapolis.)

Despite his size, Lewis has managed to stay quite whole in combat against the big boys of lacrosse. This year, however, he is lucky to be alive and able to go out on the field and get banged around. Last

continued



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STAR WITH A STICK *continued*

Christmas, after a ski trip to Vermont (where he spent much of the time posing upside down in the snow or wrapped around trees for pictures that he sent to an unamused Bilderback), Lewis returned home for a few days on his way back to school. On New Year's night, as he and a friend were getting into Jimmy's car in neighboring Garden City on Long Island,

where initial tests indicated traces of blood in his spinal fluid. "I found out," Lewis reports somberly, "that if ever you get a blow on the head and then you start throwing up that is very serious."

The spinal taps were never so worrisome again, however, and the final diagnosis was a suborbital hematoma, which kept Lewis in Bethesda for five



IN MESS FORMATION LEWIS KIDS WITH CLASSMATES. HE PLANS NAVY CAREER

a gang of thugs jumped Lewis' buddy. Jimmy started to rush around the car to help when, from behind, another mugger appeared and clouted him over the head with an unknown object. Jimmy never knew what hit him.

Lewis estimates he was out "only about 20 seconds," but when he did come to, he promptly drove the car home himself, called a cheerful "hi" to his father and went up to bed without a word, so as not to "bother" his parents. He washed the blood off the back of his head, but most of the night he was up vomiting and his head continued to shimmy. Today, months later, he still has a constant ringing in his ears.

"When I talk about what happened," he says, "well—I guess it's all psychological—I start thinking about it. Otherwise, a lot of the time, even though the ringing is always there, I just sort of get used to it. That's what happens when I'm playing. Anyway, the doctor says all the side effects should be gone in a couple of months."

It was not until he reached Annapolis the evening following the mugging that Lewis saw a doctor. He immediately was rushed to Bethesda Naval Hospital,

days. When he finally talked his way out he had lost 17 pounds. Then he spent two more weeks in the academy's sick bay. Still weak and tending to dizziness, he did poorly on midyear exams, his grades falling from Bs to Cs. It also was several weeks after practice began in March before he was really himself on the lacrosse field. But he has his grades back up to the Bs now and seems fully recovered, except for the ringing.

"I guess about the only thing Jimmy does wrong is get hit on the head," Bilderback says, smiling, sort of. That has also happened in games, since Lewis is the target of all defenses and is repeatedly knocked down. Most of the defense-men who guard him outweigh Lewis by at least 40 pounds, and everybody else near him gangs up as soon as he gets the ball. Also, playing soccer last year, Lewis got bowled over in a melee when a free kick bounced back. Thereupon someone summarily kicked him square in the head while aiming at the ball alongside.

Lewis became a soccer standout after taking up the game as a plebe solely to win a seat at a training table. (Plebes who are not at training tables are subject to some interesting diversions.) He made

continued

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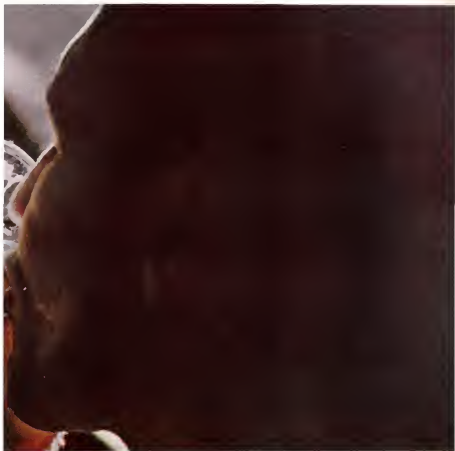
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the starting soccer team as a sophomore, even though he never became very adept at the tricky art of kicking with accuracy. With his speed and agility, however, he was always a threat. And, as in lacrosse, he was best under pressure. Six of his 15 goals came in six NCAA championship games. As a junior, in the finals against Michigan State he took a pass over mid-field, dribbled the ball clear and headed in on the goalie. "I kept thinking," he remembers, "Oh, no, I'm going to do it again. I can't kick the thing. I know what to do, and I can't kick it." Finally, about 12 yards out, he pulled up and booted it solidly into the corner of the net, just about where most of his lacrosse shots go. It was the only score in the game, and Navy won its first soccer championship. In his three varsity years Lewis has played in about 50 soccer and lacrosse games. Navy lost exactly two of these.

Lewis' only defeat in lacrosse came this April in a game with Mount Washington, the perennial club champions. The Mounties have numerous former All-Americans on their roster, and few college teams can even stay on the same field with them. But in recent years Navy has been so good that it not only has dominated the collegiate field, but has been the best lacrosse team of any class. Since the start of the 1960 season, the Middies have lost only six games—three to Mount Washington, one to the Baltimore Lacrosse Club and two to Army—and have won six straight NCAA championships. An expected win at West Point on June 4—in Lewis' last regular game—would make it seven in a row, a string unprecedented in lacrosse and topped in all collegiate sport only by Southern California's nine consecutive track titles from 1935 to 1943 and Yale's nine in golf from 1905 to 1913.

Bilderback has achieved this record through innovations. He has, for instance, employed football players to the utmost advantage—usually as tough defensemen who have little need for the niceties of stickhandling. One group was called The Bumper Cars. They just ran over people and stomped on them. Navy teams have depth and stamina and enough strength to overpower the traditional Maryland-stocked quick, slick teams, of which Johns Hopkins is the prototype.

In Navy's recent game with Hopkins the Middies took a 9-0 lead, with Lewis

continued

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1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Lemon Juice
1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
1/2 oz. White of Egg
1/2 oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, and into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Brandy
Shake well with crushed ice. Serve immediately.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
2 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for about five until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old fashioned glass with crushed ice. Pour 1/2 oz. Galliano over ice and muddle and drop 1/2 oz. brandy into glass. Stir and serve.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe)
United Kingdom
Bananas (sliced)
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1/2 oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe)
Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.
1/2 oz. Galliano 1/2 oz. Rum
1/2 oz. Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Stir until thick (ice-cream). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with leaf of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe)
Copenhagen, Denmark
1 part Gin
1 part Galliano
1 part Fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail) White, 1960
1/2 oz. Scotch 1/2 oz. Galliano
Mix with ice. Strain into glass with leaf of lemon peel.



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scoring twice, and it looked like a clear runaway. But in the third period Hopkins rallied and scored five straight goals. During this spell the Blue Jay fans started singing the school fight song, which does not happen often at intellectual Hopkins. The prospect of beating the national champion kept the fight song ringing for 10 minutes.

But when Navy gets into trouble Lewis usually comes to the rescue. He stopped the Hopkins surge with his third goal just before the end of the third period and added a fourth in the final period. In Lewis' first scoring attempt of the game the Hopkins goalie made a fine stop, but that only served to inspire Lewis to greater effort. Seconds later he darted from behind the goal, beat his defenseman in position and made the score 1-0. In the same period he assisted in Navy's second goal and scored the third on a high backhand less than a minute later.

His final goal was a remarkable over-the-head shot at a time when his defenseman was sure he had Lewis well covered. It was his top scoring day of the season, and Navy won 12-7. Said Hopkins Coach Bobby Scott, "Every-time Lewis had the ball he was a threat to score. He could have had six or seven goals, except that our goalie made some brilliant saves."

Bilderback has gathered a Navy staff of football-like proportions, one that even includes special coaches for face-offs and extra-man situations. He has so many assistants it is not too surprising that one of them turns out to be named Jimmy Lewis, only this Jimmy Lewis is an Episcopal priest who was an All-America goalie for Washington and Lee. Bilderback was the first Maryland coach to recruit heavily on Long Island. This has brought him not only good players, but players of a different breed, and many observers consider that even more significant. In the Baltimore area kids start fooling around with sticks when they are only 7 or 8. At that stage they are not ready for the rugged contact the sport allows, so they concentrate on the showy stickhandling maneuvers. Long Island players, on the other hand, seldom pick up a stick until they reach high school. By then, stronger and more mature, they are thrown into action before they have time to develop fancy stickwork. Consequently, they come to depend on power more than guile. When

Continued



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STAR WITH A STICK *continued*

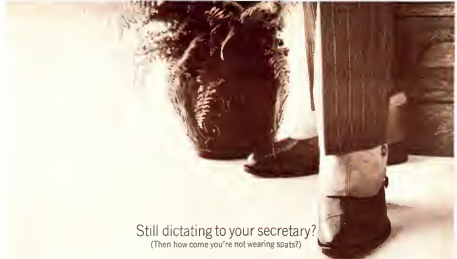
such players are combined with the big Navy football men, power takes over. The University of Maryland's entire first attack this year is from Long Island, and even Johns Hopkins has begun to recruit in New York.

Essentially, what makes Jimmy Lewis so good is that he blends the best of the Maryland and New York styles. He is as tricky, and moves the stick as well, as any young man brought up on Powerhouses at Amec's. And he is a master of the Long Island techniques. "He releases the ball faster than anyone I ever saw," says Bilderback. "His change of direction is such," says Bobby Scott, "that he can dodge his man almost whenever he wants to."

Lewis has also created his own style, one that is certain to be emulated. Frank Riggs, a former football co-captain at the University of North Carolina, guarded Lewis in the Navy-Mount Washington game. Lewis made two goals and had three assists, but Riggs still was credited with an outstanding defensive job. "He's definitely different from any other little attackman I've ever played," says Riggs. "Most of them just dodge and dart. They roll and give you the back most of the time. The one-on-one is more like it is in basketball. But not Lewis. He comes right at you. He makes it like a football situation, the defensive back against the offensive end. He holds the stick absolutely perpendicular to the ground. I've never seen anyone else do that. I don't see how he keeps the ball in there. Then he'll get up a full head of steam and come at you and pull that stick right across his face, right in front of you, teasing you. You can almost hear him saying, 'O.K., big boy, I'm coming at you.' And if you take the bait, if you commit, he'll come right past you. It's a great thing. I told George Boynton, who's an attackman on our team—built about the same way Lewis is—and he tried it a couple of times and really had some success with it. But it's a new thing and hard to learn if you've always been doing something else."

The Long Island in Lewis makes him a perfect lead for the rough Navy team. The attack is geared to him, with most plays starting with Lewis in his outside left position. Generally his teammates will clear out and let him work one-on-one. But since it is impossible to contain him in this situation, at least one member of the opposition backs up on

continued



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him to assist the defenseman assigned to guard Lewis.

"Of all his assets," says Gene Corrigan, the University of Virginia coach, "I'll take his toughness. They knock him down. They ride him. But he gets up. When Navy brings the ball downfield they give it to Lewis. When he loses it, 98% of the time he gets it right back. That's when he'll catch the defense off balance and come up with the really great play."

When Navy moves on the attack Lewis is—feinting and faking—wants for the ball to move downfield. Suddenly, as it nears him, another buzz drowns out the buzzing in his ears. This is from the midshipmen—a singular, high-pitched, excited hum, as if the brigade had seen Tecumseh himself get down from his pedestal in front of Bancroft Hall and pick up a lacrosse stick.

In his three years at Navy, Lewis has made 74 goals and 84 assists in 31 games, but the statistics are meaningless because the Navy powerhouse has out-classed the opposition in many games and Lewis has been content just to feed off to his teammates. He has to be followed closely at all times, though, for he gives little indication of an impending shot or pass, and he is made even more deceptive by the fact that he shoots equally well left- or right-handed. "Louie, Loo-oo-oo, Loo-oo-ee-ee," the Middies roar when he starts his move, and when he passes it off they wait for him to get the ball back, not really content until he has fed for a score or blasted his own quick rocket into the nets.

Only football surpasses lacrosse in popularity at Annapolis, so over the last decade only Joe Bellino and Roger Staubach have been more acclaimed than Lewis. He wears his celebrity well, proud that the system permits him no favors. "You just think," he says, "The Saturday morning of any game I'm still up at 6.15 and out on that river after breakfast till 10 in those little boats." He has grown from a shy "youngster" (which is the Annapolis term for sophomore) into a self-assured first classman who is honestly aware of his great talent. "You could see Lewis' confidence increase year by year," says Coach Scott of Hopkins.

"But he's a cocky little devil," Riggs says. "Of course, he's got all the right to be. After he's gone by you a couple of

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STAR WITH A STICK *continued*

times and left you standing there looking silly, he'll give you the little looks, sort of disdainful, like he can do it again anytime he wants to. It has to unnerve you a little. Then the day after our game I understand he came right out and *did* tell someone that he could go around me anytime he wanted to."

Lewis is now preparing for his departure from athletics. "It's been fun," he says. "Athletics to me is a good time I like to play. So it's a void I'll have to fill. I just bought some golf clubs. Pretty good buy—\$35, a secondhand set. I really don't know how much I'll miss sports. I saw Dennis Wedekind—he was our goalie last year—I saw him the other day and he told me, 'You'll miss it.' Well, I don't know. Maybe I will. I don't know. But I am finished. I bought the golf clubs."

After some temporary summer duty Lewis will report to Pensacola in September to begin flight training that will probably stretch out to two years. This is his choice, not an assignment. Only after this training ends does his four-year obligation begin. He doesn't wave the flag or drum out *Anchor Aweigh* on the tablecloth, but Jimmy Lewis is going to be a Navy man.

Maybe that is why there seems to be less regret in his own mind than in the minds of the lacrosse fans who will miss him. But he has made his decision. "I saw some figures," he says. "Over a 20-year period one Navy pilot is killed for every 3.87 that makes it. That's not a very good ratio. [Well-timed pause.] I didn't find that out till after I signed up."

And maybe that is why he is so casual about his near-fatal mugging. That same week, somewhere over Vietnam, Lieut. Don MacLaughlin and Lieut. John Prudhomme were shot down with their planes. Both had played lacrosse at the academy. As a plebe, Jimmy sat at the training table with MacLaughlin.

"Some people," Jimmy Lewis says, "want me to get all excited because there's some talk that Jack Heim at Maryland is a better attackman than I am. Am I supposed to worry about that? A few months from now I'll be down in Florida, and you can see me standing up and saying, 'Hey, I'm the best attackman in all of Maryland!' Who do you think is going to care? They'll just tell me, 'Hey, buddy, get out of the room.' Worrying about that sort of thing is silly."

END

PEOPLE

His platform (education and welfare) is topical, and his slogan (**Jim Beatty Is Running for You**) is catchy. Accordingly, the middle-distance runner (and the first man to break the indoor four-minute mile) stands a fair chance this week to win one of seven Mecklenburg County seats open in the North Carolina House of Representatives. Beatty (below) has already tasted politics as director of a state-supported antipoverty program, but his interests in the game were first awakened, he says, by Mihály Igloi, his Hungarian refugee track coach. Igloi used to wax warm on the virtues of Harry S. Truman in their off-track political dialogues, says Beatty, "and I'm a Kennedy Democrat, if there is such a term."

The plot is to beguile ladies, gentlemen and family groups, so Steve Allen, before opening his new motorcycle sales agency in Los Angeles, personally selected the red-brick linoleum flooring, the hand-rubbed walnut paneling, the brass lantern chandelier and the gold velvet side chairs. Allen's thoughts on motorcycleing, an activity he took up for

pleasure four years ago, are as decorative as the premises. "It makes you really interested in the scenery you're passing through," he says, "and not in the long-shot panoramic view that you pick up images from cars. I mean in a closer, sharp-focus way." Contrary to the general impression, says Allen, "Happiness on a motorcycle is not just taking your mufflers off and deafening the neighborhood."

Is **Charles O. Finley**, owner of the Kansas City Athletics, so all-fired quixotic as everybody says? Sure he is, which behavioral trait can be a virtue. Reduced to a steaming pulp, for example, in a Kansas City traffic snarl the other day while he and thousands of paying customers were cooing to a doubleheader with the New York Yankees, Finley popped out of his cab, trotted a quarter of a mile to the nearest phone, called the police—and took over directing the bailed-up motorists until relieved of his post by motorcycle patrolmen. Very much obliged that Finley had got things moving again, one policeman gave him a lift on to the stadium—where he arrived in time to see his A's defeated twice.

It was just before the all-important track meet against Cal—the one, you know, in which Stanford tries to look its best. Well, up comes **Patrick John Anthony Morrison**, the long-haired scholarship sprinter from London, "trotting along with my little bag, alligator for the meet." And out steps Coach Poyton Jordan (and an officious javelin thrower with clippers) to ask the runner to suffer "just a little trim of the sideburns and the back." Morrison, whose blond and wavy hair comes down three-quarters of the way over his ears, could "see the team lurking in the background," but said "absolutely no" to the haircut. The team bus left without him, and favored Stanford lost the day—which sounds to some like just desserts, even conceding that Jordan was following orders

from "very rational and sincere" higher-ups. But another higher-up concurred with Jordan's stand: in a note last week, Mammie Morrison, the metrop's mom, endorsed the haircut.

Having prepped in pits no less prestigious than the London Philharmonic, Orchestra Leader **Skitch Henderson** talked his way onto **Rodger Ward's** Indianapolis 500 pit crew and will function next week somewhere between water boy and good-luck charm. And why not? "Mechanics and music go together," he says. "It's all mathematics." For those unable to plumb that logic, Henderson has another epigram: "Thoroughbred machinery is like a woman—most temperamental, most feminine. They're only safe when they're stopped and the ignition is off."

"When I'm finished with baseball I'd like to become a golf pro on the tour," **Willie Mays** confided to a friend recently—and lost no time getting himself ready. Taken out of a game in Candlestick Park the other day by Giant Manager Herman Franks after he had fallen over the first-base sack, Mays left the field in the fourth inning, showered, dressed, went to the nearby St. Luke's Hospital for a routine X ray of his bruised left knee, telephoned his business manager at the Lake Merced golf club, headed over there, and before his teammates had left Candlestick following a 2-0 win over St. Louis, Willie was driving off the first tee.

As a Rose Bowl hero in the '40s, and for three other years the quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams, **Jim Hardy** did what he could to satisfy southern California's hunger for football. Still, says Hardy, now an insurance man, the region remains on the brink of starvation. By way of relief, he and four associates are backing an American Football League doubleheader (in the new Anaheim Stadium in August) in which Boston will

play Oakland at 6 p.m. and Kansas City will play San Diego at 8:30. Hardy's admitted motive is to land an AFL franchise for the Los Angeles area. "It would be a boom," he says. "Look around: it's been years since anyone has been able to get good seats for the Rams' games."

"I happen to take two things very seriously—college and baseball," said Chicago Cubs Pitcher **Ken Holtzman**, putting down a book on French poetry and picking up another on how to pitch to the St. Louis Cards. Holtzman, a \$40,000 bonus rookie, attends classes (below) at the Chicago campus of the University of Illinois every weekday morning, then scurries out to Wrigley Field—or, on week-ends, to Los Angeles or New York or wherever Leo Durocher beckons. Holtzman is studying for a degree in education, and the Cubs, figuring it keeps him out of the draft, are pleased to pay his tuition. Besides, mooring college with professional ball-playing is not all that difficult. As one Chicago cynic remarked: "I'm told college football players often try to do the same thing."





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Try your footwork to waltz time

Learning the footwork for a golf swing is a little like learning the waltz. You are attempting to develop tempo and rhythm, and the best way to do it is to go off somewhere by yourself and give it a try: one-two-three, one-two-three. Begin by taking a narrower stance than normal, for this allows you to exaggerate the rocking motion of the feet. Now try a chip-shot swing—with or without a club—and feel how the feet move. Then extend the swing by degrees as you get loosened up, until you eventually are using the body action required for a tee shot. The left foot should be

rolling in on the backswing, and the right foot rolling in on the downswing. As your swing gets longer your heels are going to come off the ground slightly, the left heel on the backswing and the right heel on the follow-through, but this should be kept to a minimum. Ideally, it would be better—without disrupting the rest of your swing—if you could keep the left heel on the ground all the time, but I can't. My own left heel lifts when I extend my swing to the four- or five-iron. In addition to helping your footwork, this exercise will also improve your hand action,

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In simulated backswing, left foot rocks fairly sharply on its side, and hands establish tempo.

In follow-through of four-iron exercise, weight shifts to left foot and right heel lifts slightly.

FRANCIS GOSSEN

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ONTARIO

Canada



There are certain people at a professional golf tournament whom everybody knows. There are the players who perform for you, the writers who report for you, the marshals who stand up in front of you and the officials as the carts who rush out and rule that the unplayable lie your favorite player has hit his ball into was not made by a burrowing animal. But there is one other crucial figure almost nobody knows or recognizes, the tournament chairman. When he is good, a tournament can be very, very good, but when he is bad, well...

If you want to spot a tournament chairman, you can usually look for a tall, distinguished, gray-haired gentleman with a tan so deep it appears as if he got locked outside his Palm Springs bungalow for a week, and with a coat of arms on his blazer no smaller than the insignia on a B-52. He will smile a lot for you and give you an insurance salesman's handshake and turn most of his chores over to his entourage, which consists of six guys who have smaller coats of arms and shallower tans and are fresh out of badges and parking stickers.

But there is one notable exception on the PGA tour, a Texan known affectionately as "Old Wool" is all of the players and press at the Colonial National Invitation. Frank Rogers is his proper name, and last week was Frank Rogers week from start to finish. While Australian Bruce Devlin played super-golf to win \$22,000 on a super golf course at the Colonial Country Club in Fort Worth, the scurrying, perspiring, laughing antics of Old Wool made him the busiest, most tormented and happiest man in the game.

Essentially, a tournament chairman's duties are to be the leading spokesman for his country club in helping sell the event to his city, to round up a field, to deal with the PGA and to preside over dozens of committee meetings. He has to assure the club's board of directors that everything is O.K. — that there will be marshals, parking, concessions, television, ropes, flags in the cups and, of course, players paying to get in. Old Wool not only handled all of these chores last week, he thought up lots of new ones and had several thought up for him. Nonetheless, he frolicked through his Colonial like a vaudeville performer who had just been signed up for the Palace.

"What can I do for you?" Frank Rogers said to about everyone he met. "Can I get you a hat, a badge, a room or a

wife?" And then he would march off singing, "Seventy-two top pros in the starting gate. With a hundred and ten big bills on their mind."

Old Wool is a salesman in his private life, which is hardly ever private. After doing 11 years in the Navy, he now owns his own company, Tossen, and sells airplane parts all over the country. "Nin-and-bolt man, that's me," he says. "Sure do hope somebody's sellin' 'em for me, 'cause this thing has got some kinda hold on me." Translated, that means the job of tournament chairman is for certain a six-months-of-the-year thing, and really a year-round problem.

The 1966 Colonial began for Rogers in early February when he went to Palm Springs to extend engraved invitations to the bulk of the field. Old Wool, 40, pudgy, unpretentious and oozingly polite, approached each player softly, extended his hand and said, "I just can't tell you how excited and pleased I am to give you this invitation to our tournament. I love my pros."

He went to the golf writers' tournament at Myrtle Beach, S.C. to recruit reporters for the Colonial. "Love my national press," he said. He went to the Masters to get more players and writers. Nor did Rogers' recruiting end there. A pro-member-guest event preceded the Colonial proper on Wednesday, and for that the chairman was determined to find some celebrities. "Love my celebs," he said, announcing that he had cajoled Phil Harris into coming along with four country-music stars. He also had his favorite musical group returning, The Headliners.

Old Wool loved his tournament, too, but at times you wondered why. The first of his major problems was parking space. There wasn't any. "I'm gonna close me a street," Wool said, reaching for a telephone. He called a friend on the City Council and said, "I just don't

know anybody that I trust and rely on more than you, pedina. How's your health? Well, that's just wonderful. Sure hope we can get together soon. By the way."

Golfers always expect courtesy cars, and Old Wool sure had those. "Why, son," he would say to a Tom Weiskopf or a Terry Dill. "I'd get you a helicopter if you need it. Build it right here with my own hands." When George Bayer's car almost exploded in the 98th heat Wednesday, Frank said, "Leave it where it is. I'll send somebody and have it destroyed."

He was constantly being paged to the phone or cornered by committeemen or players or club members. "My Shirley Casper just called," he reported at one

Continued



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GOLF continued

point. "She said my Billy's special food was on the way, shipped personally to me and for me to look for it. She said last year it came to the club, and the club ate it. Huh. Can you believe anybody around here likes squirrel or buffalo or whatever that stuff is?" When Casper's three crates of food arrived, Old Wool dispatched a guard to the club basement to keep poachers away until Billy got to town. Already, he had arranged for an apartment for the Caspers that was all-electric, a necessity for Casper's allergies.

"Wool, do you like doing things for your pro golfers?" Colonial Publisher Jerre Todd asked.

"I just wish they'd let me go to Egypt to get 'em something," Frank said.

When George Knudson got to town needing medical treatment for a rash, Old Wool said, "You got it. Do we need an ambulance to get you there?" When Bruce Devlin arrived with a stiff neck after a 53-hour trip from home, Frank hand-carried him, almost, to a doctor, then sweet-talked him into appearing at a promotion luncheon.

Rogers' ability to sweet-talk people earned him the nickname of Old Wool from Todd. "He's soft as wool," said Todd. "He can sell you poison ivy."

Trying to get Rogers to let someone else handle a job would have been like trying to get Richard Rodgers to let someone else write his music.

On Thursday the lady scorers, who were decked out in blue-and-white uniforms that clashed spectacularly with the plaid tournament coats worn by Old Wool and his committeemen, complained that there was no water for them to drink at the ninth green. Wool got it, humming "Sure don't want my sweet ladies thirsty."

At Friday morning's committee meeting it was reported that there had been complaints about the hamburgers in the concession stands. Old Wool left the room, raced downstairs, out the door, over to a stand and ate one. "Nothing to it," he reported later. "One of the finest hamburgers I ever had."

There were times when Rogers and Todd needed what they called their drones. These were college students working in the pressroom and running errands.

"A tournament can't go on without drones," said Todd.

When the drones wandered out to see some of the tournament, Todd and Rog-

ers naturally had some jobs for them. "I need a drone," Rogers shouted. "Somebody find me a drone." So Todd went to the public-address lady on the clubhouse switchboard and asked her to page his drones.

"Will the drones please report to the pressroom," a loud, female voice called throughout the corridors of the huge, red-brick building. Eventually, the drones showed up, but Old Wool had done a lot more things in the meantime.

He had told a lady on the phone it was O.K. for her to keep and use the badge the club had accidentally sent her for her husband, who had passed away three years ago. He had sent a limousine with four badges to a restaurant owner who had done the committee some favors. He had sent more badges to some of the automobile dealers who had furnished courtesy cars. He had gotten a private plane to take Phil Harris to Houston. He had smoothed over an argument between Ray Floyd, the pro, and a radio man whose voice had inadvertently heckled him on a putt. He had exchanged courtesy cars for three players who did not like theirs. He had begged, pleaded, laughed, sung, joked and sweet-talked the whole Colonial.

In the midst of it, a lady politely interrupted him as he sailed through the lobby and said, "Mr. Rogers, you're doing a wonderful job, and I wouldn't bother you at a time like this. I know you're so busy. But I just thought you ought to know that the Texas flag on the front veranda is upside down."

Old Wool fled to the window and looked. "It's the beautiful truth," he said. "A drone has done blown my Texas flag."

When it was all over last Sunday afternoon Old Wool could relax for the first time and take pleasure in the fact that Colonial had staged its most successful tournament ever. There had been record ticket sales, record attendance (77,500), better and wider coverage, more celebs and better entertainment than ever before. The only thing that Rogers had not solved was how to get out and see any of the splendid golf that winner Bruce Devlin had played. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that, along with everything else, he had seen to the cure of the winner's stiff neck. When last observed Old Wool was heading for a party with Devlin. "Love my Bruce," he was saying.

END



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The wreck from down under paces on top

Cardigan Bay is lucky to be alive, let alone racing, and he is too old by U.S. standards, but his early years in New Zealand and competition on narrow tracks stood him in good stead when he met our own superhorse

They almost shot him four years ago.

The aging gelding had broken his hip on a training track in Western Australia, and if the horse had been insured by the pool-hall operator who owned him, that would have been the end of Cardigan Bay. But they picked up the paces and put him out to pasture, and after a year, to his owner's surprise, he was ready to race again.

Last Friday night 10-year-old Cardigan Bay was pacing better than any horse in harness. Before a sellout crowd of 36,556 at Yonkers Raceway he defeated the wonder horse of American pacing, brash young Bret Hanover, in a race that was billed, not completely without reason, as the Pace of the Century. Although his driver, Stanley Dancer, rattled the sulky shafts with his whip through the stretch, there was never any doubt that Cardigan Bay would win. He finished the mile race a length in front of Bret Hanover, and from the look of things he would have been the same length ahead at the end of two miles.

Although the crowd—which had sent Bret Hanover off as a 3-to-5 favorite—was appreciative of the fine performance from the old pro, the complete improbability of Cardigan Bay and his background surely escaped most of them. There was, for instance, the piece of bone taken from one of his legs last year and kept among the liniments and bandages back at Stanley Dancer's barn, where Cardigan's groom, Joe Wedeman, enjoys showing it off to visitors. There was, of course, his broken hip. "He's a mess," says Dancer. And there was his bizarre history.

Cardigan Bay came from the lush limestone land of New Zealand. The grass in the Southland district seems to make horses strong, and country methods of training and racing give them unusual stamina and durability. A New Zealand horse is not raced much while he is young. Cardigan Bay never started at 2 and made only seven starts at 3 and

4. Bret Hanover, on the other hand, has raced 51 times already and his 4-year-old campaign has just begun.

By American standards there is no money in harness racing down under, but it is a popular pastime in the rural areas. There are numerous small tracks scattered among the farms and there is racing two days a week. Horses are shipped in for a meeting by trailer, raced and sent home that same day to be turned out in their paddocks. The weather is so mild that there are no barns. Nearly all horses are trained and raced right off the grass. "New Zealand horses are rougher than ours," Stanley Dancer says, "and not as well cared for. But they may well be better off."

Cardigan Bay won his first race as a 3-year-old at a meeting in Vincent in central Otago. His purse: \$58. The fields are large in these harness races, perhaps as many as 25 starters. Since most of the tracks are only six sulks wide and three-eighths of a mile around, New Zealand drivers and New Zealand horses know all about traffic jams. "You take off from a standing start," says Dancer. "The first tier of six horses lines up behind a tape stretched across the track, then a second tier of horses puts their noses in your back, and so on. There may be four tiers." Under conditions like this a horse learns to maneuver, and Cardigan Bay has proved to be a master at this in the U.S. The first eighth of a mile of a New Zealand race may take as much as 19 seconds while everyone is jostling about and getting straightened out. The races are anywhere from a mile and five-eighths to two miles long, which can add up to five laps. "You just keep going around until someone rings a bell to signal the last lap," Dancer says.

After a horse wins a number of races, he is handicapped and must start behind the field. When Dancer bought Cardigan Bay in 1964 he was a two-time New Zealand champion and was being penal-

ized 78 yards, which is one of the reasons he was advertised for sale in the U.S. Most horsemen felt the asking price—\$120,000—was absurd for an 8-year-old gelding. But Dancer had an idea. He knew several owners who, as he puts it, "had all been in the business awhile and made some money. If the horse was a flop, no one would get hurt badly. I'd been buying expensive yearlings every year and I'd give fifty to sixty thousand dollars for each of them and find out later they couldn't even walk. I thought it might be good to try a different approach, pick up an older horse. Cardigan Bay didn't seem to be too much of a risk."

So Dancer collected \$120,000 from seven clients—three housewives, three doctors and Irving Berkemeyer, a hearsel-rental man who owns Su Mac Lad, the leading money-winning Standardbred of all time—and set off from New York to see what this Cardigan Bay looked like. What he saw was a mile workout of 2:02 on a three-eighths-mile track, a performance he would not have believed if he had not timed it on his own stopwatch. By now the price was up to \$150,000, but the owners eventually settled for \$100,000 and an agreement to send Cardigan Bay back to New Zealand when he finishes racing. "They were very attached to him and I think in the end they agreed to the sale only because I promised to ship their old horse back," says Dancer.

Cardigan Bay may be a long time getting home. In the two years he has raced here he has won \$517,250 and showed how tough a horse he can be. In 1964 he won nine races against America's best, including a you-win-by-a-nose, then I-win-by-a-nose series with Overtrack that ranks among the sport's most exciting events. After a poor spring in 1965, it was discovered by veterinarians that he had a broken splint bone in his left foreleg. So they simply cut the two-inch bone out, and six weeks later he was winning again. In early December he cracked another bone in the same foreleg, but he finished

out the year winning four straight.

Through these same two years, Bret Hanover had overwhelmed all the younger pacers, winning the Triple Crown without effort. He had developed into a big, robust horse with great speed, and by the end of his 3-year-old season had set or equaled 11 world marks. He came into last week's race with a record unparalleled in modern harness racing: 47 wins in 50 races.

A 4-year-old is supposedly at a disadvantage when he meets older horses. Most horses are not fully grown until they are 5. They do not have a full set of teeth until then, and that, horsemen say, is nature's sign of maturity. But Bret Hanover developed early. Maybe he didn't have all his teeth but, as one horseman put it, "He has always looked older. He is an experienced horse and a super-horse. All the rules that apply to horses in general never apply to superhorses."

On his record and his reputation, Bret Hanover had to be the favorite with the bettors in the Yonkers grandstand who were packed in to see the Pace of the Century. But back by the barns where men watch horses closely, Bret was no 3-to-5 favorite. There was hardly a horseman who did not give the advantage to Cardigan Bay. For one thing, he had drawn the No. 3 post position and Bret had No. 5. The other three starters in

the field—Firesweep, Sweet Luck and Adios Marches—had been invited to take part in the race by the Yonkers management mainly to insure a normal pace. Otherwise, they were not expected to figure in the race, and their owners were content to settle for third, fourth and fifth money. By drawing a post position inside Bret Hanover, Stanley Dancer was in a position to control the race. If Dancer used this advantage to get in front of Bret Hanover at the start, he could just wait until he saw the young horse pull out to begin his move. A split second later Cardigan Bay could move out from the rail, too, and begin circling the field, staying just in front of Bret, for in those New Zealand races long ago the gelding had learned to accelerate quickly. If Bret Hanover was to beat him, he would have to race wide around him.

Some horsemen also felt Bret Hanover was not yet fit enough to take on a Cardigan Bay, who seemed at his peak, having extended his unbeaten streak to 10. The younger horse had only started twice this season—winning both, to be sure—but he is a horse that needs a great deal of work. His trainer and driver, Frank Ervin, realized the colt might not be tight enough. "I would have liked to have a few more races in him," he said, "but I'm not making

excuses ahead of time in case I get beat."

Talking to Ervin before the race, Driver George Sholly said, "You should have waited three weeks and started Bret against Cardigan Bay at Roosevelt Raceway. The stretch there is a good bit longer. Cardigan Bay likes this short stretch. Why, he damn near owns this race track."

"Cardigan Bay will win this one just for the fun of it," said Billy Houghton. "He can move so quickly when Stanley asks him to. Bret takes time to get in gear."

Even Dancer had the feeling. "I think this will be the greatest race, even better than the ones with Overtrick. My horse has never been better." Then he laughed. "I don't mean to sound like Cassius Clay," he added.

What followed was a textbook example of plan and execution, of course and effect. At the start the two horses inside of Dancer, Sweet Luck and Firesweep, moved out to set the pace. Dancer put Cardigan Bay in third along the rail. On the first turn Ervin made half a move to go past Cardigan Bay, thought better of it when the gelding moved right along with him, and realized he had no choice but to wait. He is still waiting. He pulled Bret over to the rail right behind Cardigan Bay. The pacers went to the half-mile pole Indian file in 59½. By the three-quarters mark Ervin knew he had to make a move and he also knew exactly what would happen when he did. He pulled out, but quick Cardigan Bay just pulled out in front of him. As the two horses circled the timing leaders, Ervin had to decide whether to lose lots of ground in the last turn by going three wide or hope he could catch Cardigan Bay in the all-too-short Yonkers stretch. One choice was as hopeless as the other. Bret chose to stay behind Cardigan Bay until the stretch, and that's exactly where he finished.

The crowd booed Bret Hanover afterward—unfairly, for this big young horse should be a champion for years—and losers muttered, "Some Pace of the Century. A race in 2:00." But times of match races are usually slow, and tactics, as often as ability, determine the outcome. This race was no different. Stanley Dancer got control of the situation at the start and kept it to the end. There was nothing Frank Ervin could have done. Except maybe he could have shot Cardigan Bay.

END



A LENGTH AHEAD OF BRET HANOVER, CARDIGAN WINS THE PACE OF THE CENTURY



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Just when our hopes were up the Italians set us down

After days of being behind, the North Americans made their move, but then two key hands insured another world title for the Blue Team

From the outset it was clear that the World Bridge Team Championship in St. Vincent would be decided by the match between North America and Italy. Inexperienced Thailand threw a few scares but won no matches. Holland waged a close duel with Italy for the first half of their match, but in the end beat no one but Thailand. Venezuela took two matches—the South American champions finished third. North America started disastrously against Italy's famous Blue Team, rallied bravely but briefly, could not recover lost ground and once more finished in second place as Italy won its 8th straight world title (SI, May 23).

Giorgio Belladonna and Walter Avarelli turned out to be the best Italian pair, far ahead of Benito Garozzo and a decidedly off-form Pietro Forquet. Our Canadians, Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, were the best non-Italian pair, but after losing points to Italy in each of the first four sessions, the non-playing captain, Julius Rosenblum, replaced them with Phil Feldesman and Ira Rubin in the hope of gaining some significant swings.

This go-for-broke strategy seemed to work, and it certainly led to the most exciting moments of the Championship for North American supporters. In the fifth session, with Lew Mathe and Bob Hamman giving a particularly fine performance, we cut the Italian margin almost in half, from 90 International Match Points to 46. And in the first half of the next session, with the same lineup, we recouped another 10 IMPs. By this point the crowd watching the Bridge-O-Rama—mostly Italian rooters, of course—was stirring uneasily. Then came Board 112, and suddenly what had been a strong American tide turned into an Italian tidal wave.

Below is Board 112, in which Mathe and Hamman were punished severely for reaching a slightly inferior contract.

Garozzo's singleton spade lead made American rooters groan. In the other room, when Belladonna held the South hand, East stuck in a spade overcall, and although Belladonna knew about the 4-4 fit in hearts, he wisely insisted on playing at no trump, making 10 tricks.

East-West vulnerable
South dealer

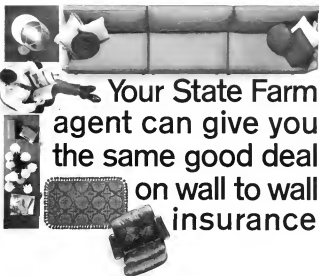
NORTH			
♠ A 2			
♥ Q 9 5 3			
♦ Q J 10 5			
♣ Q 6 3			
WEST			
♠ 10			
♥ A 2 7 6			
♦ K 8 7 6 4			
♣ 10 7 2			
EAST			
♠ J 9 7 5 4 3			
♥ 1			
♦ 9 2			
♣ A 8 4			
SOUTH			
♠ K Q 6			
♥ K 10 8 2			
♦ A 2			
♣ K J 9 5			

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(3 bids)	(Garozzo)	(Hamman)	(Forquet)
1 ♠ 3	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	4 ♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 10 of spades

Here, dummy's ace won Garozzo's spade opening, and Mathe led a heart to the king. He was now in a position to lose only one trump trick—except for the fact that he could not prevent the killing ruff. West won with the heart ace and led to East's club ace. The spade return was trumped, and West got out with another club. It did not matter that Mathe did not guess to finesse for the jack of hearts. After taking dummy's club queen, Mathe stripped the hands of clubs and spades. When West was put

—continued



as he does on bumper to bumper insurance.

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your home or rent, it'll pay you to check with State Farm, the number one company in the sale of homeowners policies. You'll find your nearby State Farm agent listed in the Yellow Pages. (He's the same friendly professional who probably saves you money on car insurance.) State Farm Fire and Casualty Company, Home Office: Bloomington, Ill.





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BRIDGE

in with the heart jack he had to lead a diamond, saving declarer a diamond loser. But the contract was down one, and in a single hand Italy had recovered the 10 IMPs lost in the first 11 deals.

A few hands later the reeling Americans were killed off for good.

*Both vulnerable
South dealer*

NORTH		EAST	
♠ K 7		♠ K 6 2	
♥ K J 9 4		♥ 7 5 3	
♦ K Q 10 9 3		♦ 2	
♣ 3 2		♣ K 10 8 6 5 4	

WEST		EAST	
♠ 9 5 4		♠ K 6 2	
♥ 8		♥ 7 5 3	
♦ K 7 5 4		♦ 2	
♣ A Q J 9 7		♣ K 10 8 6 5 4	

SOUTH		EAST	
♠ A Q J 10 3		♠ K 6 2	
♥ A Q 10 6 2		♥ 7 5 3	
♦ A J 6		♦ 2	
♣ —		♣ K 10 8 6 5 4	

SOUTH (Belgium)	WEST (Belgium)	NORTH (American)	EAST (American)
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
3 ♥	PASS	4 ♠	DOUBLE
4 ♠	PASS	4 N.T.	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	6 ♠	PASS
7 ♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

The cumbersome Roman bidding method had to be twice revised during this tournament in order to cope with some new obstructive bids—baby psyches that upset the Italians' bidding rhythm—but there is no doubt that the Roman system offers all of the tools needed to bid grand slams.

North's heart response was genuine—the Romans prefer to show a four-card major before a longer minor. The three-heart bid confirmed the suit and asked its quality. Assured about the heart king, South next asked in diamonds and later in spades. North's answers plugged every gap, and South unhesitatingly bid the laydown grand slam.

Now it was up to the North Americans to match that result. It seems to me that they should have had no difficulty reaching the grand slam in their own way after Mathe opened the South hand with a strong artificial two-club bid. But they stopped in six spades—the poorest of the available slam contracts. This gave the Italians 13 IMPs, and at that moment the World Championship was over. On the last nine hands of the session Italy shut out the Americans while scoring 41 IMPs, and once again our slogan was "Wait till next year." **END**

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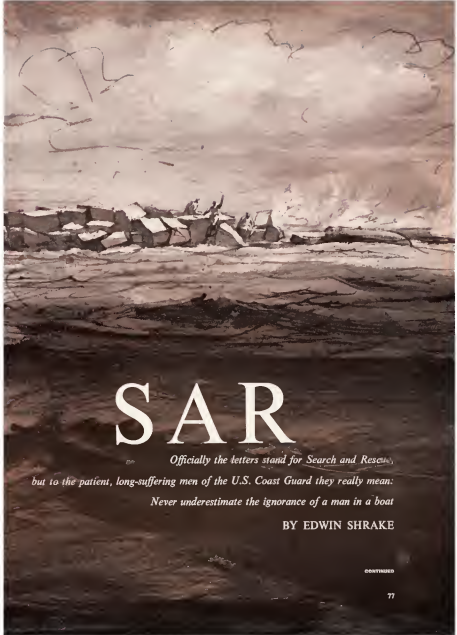
This is the energy cell actual size.



The price speaks for itself.

(The new calendar model is \$45.)





SAR

*Officially the letters stand for Search and Rescue,
but to the patient, long-suffering men of the U.S. Coast Guard they really mean:
Never underestimate the ignorance of a man in a boat*

BY EDWIN SHRAKE

CONTINUED

"Believe me, my young friend," said the *Water Rat* in Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, "there is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Simply messing." he went on dreaming: "messing—about—m—boats; messing—" "Look ahead, Rat!" cried the Mole suddenly. But it was too late. "The boat," wrote Grahame, "struck the bank full tilt. The dreamer, the joyous oarsman, lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, his heels in the air."

Midnight found another victim of the call of the sea sitting at a table in the bar of a private club in Washington, D.C. He was the captain of a vessel which had better be known as the *Blighy S*. "Maes," he said to his three companions, "one absolute final round to fend off the chill, and then we are going for a cruise." An hour later they left the club and stepped into the beginning of a January blizzard. By that time they had reckoned that the logical place to cruise to was Miami. It was only a matter of steering their 42-foot cabin cruiser off her moorings and down the wide and cold Potomac without a moon, then turning south at the Smith Point Light, proceeding past Wolf Trap Light into the open water of Chesapeake Bay, cutting in around the Thimble Shoal Light north of Norfolk and entering the Intracoastal Waterway. From there the most lock-kneed jickleg could find Miami if he remembered that port was on the left and that was where the sun should rise.

Assigning the first watch to a tall fellow called Mac, the captain gave orders to follow the lights of a tanker up ahead and crawled into a bunk thinking it was ho for the vasty deep. What woke him was a great rending, splintering crash that threw him onto the deck. "A very treacherous sea," said Mac the helmsman, who lay beneath the wheel with a broken leg. In the snow he had followed a set of lights that were on poles atop somebody's dock.

They got the *Blighy S* backed out of the wreckage, inspected her for damage and headed south again. The captain, a doctor by profession, chose the lights of another vessel plowing down Chesapeake Bay, gave the wheel to a crew member, told him to steer for them, opened a

bottle of Scotch and started to splint Mac's leg. The wind was coming up hard. The wipers were heavy with ice and could clear only tiny fans that piled up with snow. But the crew of the *Blighy S* sang a few songs, passed the bottle and assured Mac they would put him ashore at Norfolk, though he insisted his bones would heal faster beside the pool at the Palm Bay Club in Miami.

In such weather nobody could tell day from night. With a good supply of Scotch nobody cared. Eventually, however, it occurred to the captain that the *Blighy S* was pitching somewhat more than was healthy. The windshield was like glass that had been soaped for a Christmas decoration. Checking the charts and compass he had not bothered with earlier, the captain began to suspect that the ship they had followed was bound straight into the Atlantic. The captain went out of the cabin into the wind and snow and climbed onto the flying bridge to search for lights. The boat was rolling and bucking in a seascape of black and gray. Waves broke over the bow. Spray showered across the flying bridge and froze on the captain's face. There were no lights.

Figuring to go down and use the radio, the captain grasped the slippery ladder and was on the deck much sooner than he would have preferred. With four cracked ribs, he pulled himself into the cabin and directed a crew member on the proper way to tape him up while he put the radio on 2182 kilocycles—the international distress frequency—and called for help. He had no doubt whatever that help would come, for the United States Coast Guard had already rescued him a dozen times in these same waters. The thing was, would the Coast Guard get to him before the rocks did?

In the Washington radio message center the Coast Guard was monitoring at least eight other frequencies besides 2182. When the captain's voice came over the air a couple of seamen recognized it and looked at each other. "Yes, sir, we hear you, *Blighy S*," said one. "What is your position?"

"Haven't the slightest idea, boys," the captain said. "But you'd better hurry."

"A fight!" said the lawyer who was at the wheel.

"It might be a drive-in movie in Bermuda, for all we know," Mac said.

"It shines and then goes away," said the helmsman.

"It's flashing," the captain said into the microphone. "I think we see a buoy."

"They think they see a buoy," said one coast guardman to the other. "That narrows it down to several thousand places." Into the mike he said. "Time the flashes, please."

The captain went outside again and clung to the heaving rail. With the sweep second hand of his wristwatch he timed the coming and going of the light. It came out different on four tries and he was afraid the fall had broken his watch, but he went back in and reported the timings over the radio.

"I think we've got you," the coast guardman said. "Don't go away."

Two hours later a big cutter, 206 feet long and with a crew of 80 to handle her booms and winches and fire-fighting equipment, found the *Blighy S* circling the light. The water was too rough for a tow or a transfer, so the cutter came in like a mother duck, keeping to windward to block the waves from the *Blighy S* as much as possible while guiding her into port. Mac was carried off in a stretcher.

"Thanks," the captain said to a Coast

continued

I want a hot dog with everything. That includes ice-cold Coca-Cola. Coke has the taste you never get tired of. Always refreshing. That's why things go better with Coke after Coke after Coke.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

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He senses danger. Sees one attacker, hears the other.



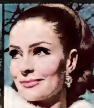
Swings into defense position.



A side kick to solar plexus drops one.



Spear hand thrust stops the other.



Looks easy.



With his wind gone, the supposed hood can't avoid...



the lppon-ecolage and gets thrown.



Two against one is no problem for some men.



**The man who knows how to take care of himself
uses Vaseline Hair Tonic.**



Guard lieutenant who had come down to the dock for an injury report. "I'm getting ready to stop by the hospital myself to check on Mac and get my ribs X-rayed."

"I hope you'll wait till this blow is over before you go back to Washington," said the lieutenant.

"Washington?" said the captain. "We're going to Miami."

Of the nearly 40,000 Search and Rescue operations conducted by the Coast Guard each year, about 80% involve boats like the *Blythe S*. When a freighter breaks up in a storm or a liner is reported burning and sinking, the action of the Coast Guard is duly noted in the newspapers. There are photographs of helicopters bringing in doctors and medical supplies, of cutters rigging boatswain's chairs in lashing seas, of para-rescue men leaping into the waves to hutch a line around some wounded, unconscious floater in a Mae West, of burnt and oil-smeared faces drinking coffee in a galley and rehearsing the story for the next cocktail party. But it is the people in the little boats in diverse places from the Florida Keys to the Strait of Juan de Fuca—and in unlikely places like Lake Tahoe—who come to know and appreciate the Coast Guard the most, and it is those people who cause the most trouble.

There is hardly a man of any spirit whatsoever who can resist the call of the sea, particularly when he has easy credit. It starts this way: a man finds himself looking at pictures of boats in newspapers and magazines, and his blood rises. He reads ads telling how many the boat will sleep, how the shower works, how many can sit at the fold-down, plastic-topped card-and-dinner table and how efficiently the toilet works—and then he reads about the two great engines and feels them throbbing beneath his feet. He alone is in command. In yachting cap, perhaps an ascot if he thinks he can get away with it, double-breasted blazer, sneakers, white jeans, he cruises the mysterious waters of the world. From the deck will come the laughter of beautiful women and the tinkle of ice cubes. What romance! What terrible power! By God, if he has a bug

enough boat, they'll have to raise the drawbridges!

Then one day he is at the boat show. He wanders through in a sort of daze, rubbing his fingers over the hulls, standing at the wheels, peering at the radar, the ship-to-shore telephone, the radio and the fish-o-meter, not having the murkiest idea how they operate but hearing himself shouting, "Land ho!" and watching the native girls swimming out to pelt him with gardenias. He subscribes to a boating magazine and begins to insert a few terms into his conversation, calling his wife "me bucko" as he leans against the bulkhead sipping his daily ration of grog and listening to her tell of damage to the starboard fender at the supermarket. "Aye, the sea is a cruel mistress," he says. And, compelled by a strange but irresistible force that is older than memory, he writes a check for the down payment and he has a boat.

What he has is a 16-foot runabout with a 50-horse outboard motor. But

even Bull Halsey had to start someplace. He invites his pals and brings his kids, and with his new trailer he takes his boat to the river and dumps her in. Six of them jump into the boat and take their seats on his four new combination cushion-life-preservers, each of them marked with a U.S. Coast Guard approval number. Only, to approve fully, the Coast Guard insists on one cushion to a passenger. Nevertheless, he yanks on the starter cord, turns the throttle in the handle grip and suddenly there it is—his own wuke! He is Nelson, Cook, Ahab. The marina fades behind them. In an hour or so, if indeed they are that lucky, some young coast guardsmen in white caps and blue denim shirts will come up in a patrol boat to pull him and his friends out of the water. They will put a line on the capsized boat, haul it upright and pump it out. They will take the captain and his passengers ashore and tow the boat to the marina. Watching him walk away, they will speculate as to how soon

continued

NICHOLAS SLOVOFF



An amateur boatman is in trouble. Soon these pros will toss him a line, bail him out and haul him home, only to hear tomorrow that he's in trouble again.

they will meet him again. Coast Guard recruits learn quickly never to underestimate the ignorance of a man in a boat.

"We can tell an SAR [Search and Rescue] case the minute we see one," says Captain E. P. Mathison, commanding officer of the base in Galveston, Texas. "People put out to sea in some of the weirdest craft you can imagine."

"A guy pays \$50 down on a boat and trailer and immediately he's an old salt," says Lieut. Commander K. G. Wiman, a civil engineer with 14 years' service. "He doesn't know if the chart is marked in feet or fathoms. He probably doesn't know if there is such a thing as a chart. But off he goes, and we pray we'll be able to find him."

In Galveston, as in anyplace else, the sailor is considered more important than the boat, granted the boat will float at all. A man who knows what he is up to can stay in the Gulf for a long time in a 16-foot outboard. But if he turns to full throttle and tries to skim the waves, he is an SAR case before he has sung his first

sea chantey. Take the simple act of standing up. An amazing number of people get hurt by standing up in pleasure craft. The boat has a wave, and the jolt to the stiff-legged can break a man's ankles.

The Coast Guard has less of a problem with sailboats. Sailing is not only a joy, it is hard work and very tricky. People with no training ordinarily cannot get a sailboat far enough from the dock to cause a search. But anybody can drive a powerboat. In June, when school is out, Galveston and any other area of the country that has water deep enough to float a hat becomes a continual regatta until autumn. Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, aunts, uncles—the whole bunch—they get into their little boats and go out and sink them. Or they run out of gas. The Coast Guard sighs and hauls them out and carries them to shore. The Coast Guard is used to that. But now the Coast Guard at Galveston has a new problem: the surfers have come.

Galveston is a long, skinny island off the Texas coast, a sandbar with a good

high seawall, a former refuge for the pirate Jean Lafitte. In the hurricane season the island lies open to the big winds coming up the Gulf. Five years ago Hurricane Carla almost tore Galveston apart, knocking over palms and stores and houses, hurling boats blocks inland, carving new channels and closing old ones, moving the buildings around like a lady rearranging furniture, flinging sheets of water across the island so that the Gulf connected with the bay to the north. Usually, however, the waters of Galveston are calm. The Gulf rolls in gray and choppy, but there is no big surf like that on the coast of southern California or the west coast of Mexico. No big surf used to mean no surfers. Not anymore. Now, everywhere you look from the balconies of the new Flagship Hotel, which sits on a pier that runs 1,500 feet out into the Gulf, the Galveston water is full of these kids in bikinis, sweat-shirts, wet suits, all of them sitting astride their boards, paddling about, looking out into the Gulf, hoping for the big surf



Nestled on Long Island's fashionable North Shore, the Coast Guard base at Eatons Neck, N.Y. is one of the busiest. On a summer weekend it can expect up to two dozen calls for help.

that doesn't come. Now and then they will begin to paddle madly and jump up on their boards and ride a modest wave for a few yards before the momentum dies and they fall off. It is a painful sight—all these kids sitting on their boards in a place without surf, waiting until dark, when they finally paddle in to the cars parked along the seawall and go home.

Some, of course, refuse to wait. There is surf out there somewhere, they think, if they can just find it. "Not long ago," says Commander Wiman, "two boys were a couple of miles at sea on their surfboards. One decided to come in. He left his friend drifting into the setting sun. Once he got to shore he walked two miles and then called us. It was dark by now. We set up an immediate SAR operation without much hope. But we had incredible luck. One of our helicopters was running low over the water with its landing lights on and happened to spot this kid—on a green surfboard, at that—drifting five miles from where he was last seen. When we brought him in he didn't realize how fortunate he was to be alive, how easily he could have gone to sleep, fallen off, gotten tired, turned over. Like a lot of the people we pick up, he didn't think he was lost or even know he was in danger. I'm sure he went right back out again. Surfers are that way. When we put up a hurricane warning, the people of Galveston start boarding up their windows and leaving town, and we prepare to move our Coast Guard base to Texas City. We're getting ready for disaster. But the highway from Houston is packed with 50 miles of cars coming to Galveston—kids with their surfboards, not wanting to miss the big waves."

One of the more common incidents at any Coast Guard station is a wife calling up and reporting her husband overdue from a fishing trip. She doesn't know what color boat he was in, much less the model or where he planned to fish or who was with him. But she knows he is late. That puts the Coast Guard into action with patrol boats, helicopters and fixed-wing aircraft. It has happened that they find the husband drinking in

a bar at a marina with a young lady. More often they find him out of gas. Sometimes they do not find him at all. "We make a practice always to call the wife back," says Wiman. "You would be astonished how often the husband has returned, and she tells us he's home now but she hadn't thought of calling and notifying us. We've got boats and planes searching for a guy who is sitting in his kitchen, and she doesn't even call."

The Galveston station got a call a few weeks ago about a 64-year-old man who was long overdue in a rented boat. It had been one of those days the Coast Guard dreads—lovely and sunny in the morning, becoming dark and stormy in the afternoon—and the man was a heart patient who needed nitroglycerin pills regularly. When he was found the next day he had swamped his boat and lost his pills, but he was sitting happily on a beach with the one thing he had saved—a quart of bourbon.

The headquarters of the Galveston station, which is part of the Eighth Coast Guard District, are in a white two-story building on the bay across from an abandoned isolation center that used to house quarantine cases. When not on patrol or on SAR duty or on watch, the coast guardsmen at Galveston are occupied with mundane chores—repairs, chipping and painting, drilling. Two or three times a day at irregular intervals a 40-foot patrol boat makes an inspection tour of the harbor, entering in a log the names, nationalities and eventual destinations of the 30 or more freighters and tankers that are tied up there, many of them loading grain or cotton. One vessel the young coast guardsmen keep an eye on, though not for official reasons, is the yacht *Southern Breeze*, which became famous last year as a seat of seagoing discotheque for Frank Sinatra and companions.

The Eighth District covers roughly 1,000 miles of coastline from Apalachicola, Fla. to Brownsville, Texas, and has 200,000 square miles of water to police. Recently its men had to locate a party that had tried to cruise from New Orleans to Bay St. Louis, Miss., by navigating with a road map. A single major search

continued



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SEARCH AND RESCUE roundup

operation—meaning one that uses ships and planes and lasts about 48 hours—costs the taxpayer \$250,000, according to Rear Admiral James D. Craig, commander of the Eighth District. One of his more vital searches took place in October of 1962 when an urgent call came from the White House to locate Congressman Hale Boggs, who was 30 miles out into the Gulf on a fishing trip. A Coast Guard helicopter plucked Boggs off his boat and flew him to Port Sulphur, La., from where he was flown to Washington for talks during what has become known as the Cuban Missile Crisis.

The Atlantic side of the Florida coast comes under the jurisdiction of the Seventh District, which operates from the Carolinas to the coast of South America, leaps across Mexico and takes in part of the Pacific Ocean. Its beat includes the Gulf Stream, which, moving at from three to five knots, can grab a disabled boat that started from southern Florida to Nassau or Bimini and carry it as far north as Cape Kennedy. The Seventh District has picked up thousands of Cubans fleeing Castro. Its air station at Opa-Locka, Fla., logs more than 188 flight hours a week. Its sea base at Miami Beach maintains a continual patrol with cutters.

All the cutters in the fleet, however, cannot prevent an accident that a man is determined to have. A fellow from Morehead City, N.C., got it into his mind to voyage to Bermuda in an 18-foot outboard. Despite Coast Guard warnings, he set out to sea. He had engine trouble and was found by a Coast Guard plane that diverted a merchant ship to rescue him. But the man accepted only fuel and food and kept going. Two days later a cutter had to pick him up and return him to the Carolina coast. In three months he tried it again. This time nobody found him. That was in the same category as the yacht *H.S.H.* from Philadelphia which, disregarding storm warnings, took half a dozen sailboats into bad water in the fall of 1955 and disappeared forever in a 90-mile gale.

The Eleventh District, with headquarters in Long Beach, Calif., is responsible for coastal waters down to the border between Guatemala and Mexico as well

as navigable waters in Arizona, part of Nevada and Utah. California usually leads the nation in loss of life among boaters. In 1963 its coast guardsmen had to halt a missionary voyage to Haiti in which the captain and savior of souls intended to sail out in a 101-foot home-made ship with 12 passengers and one adequate life preserver. Among other things, the exhaust pipe from the craft's two diesels was not insulated and ran along the wooden overhead of the engine room and there were only two fire extinguishers aboard. A year later nine cutters from the Eleventh District searched 234 hours for a 41-year-old grandmother who had not made it in a balloon race from Santa Catalina Island to the mainland. They found her body eight miles off Dana Point. With a rope she had tied herself to the balloon's two propane tanks and to a stuffed toy people that she called her "copilot."

The Pacific Northwest belongs to the Thirteenth District and is an overwhelming problem because of its profusion of small craft in rough, rocky waters whose numerous deceptive inlets and sandbars can mislead unwary boaters. One man who had never operated a boat before told friends out there that he was going to Hawaii. He rode his bicycle to the dock and sailed away. More than 100 coast guardsmen searched for him, but he had vanished like a stone tossed into the ocean.

Farther south is the Twelfth District, around San Francisco, which has at least its share of sea-struck amateurs. A man from Oakland bought a 35-foot cabin cruiser, the *Hori*, and within 13 weeks had called the Coast Guard nine times for help in mishaps such as a broken fuel pump, a dead battery, engine failure and running aground. In time, the Coast Guard discussed his case and decided that one more call from him would bring a written warning that his gross lack of knowledge of boating made him a hazard. The letter was never written. The night of that discussion, the *Hori* was in the main ship channel near the Golden Gate Bridge in a heavy fog and was run down by a freighter. The man's

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Ford LTD, Daimler limousine and, in the distance, Lord Bath's manor house, "Longleat."

Ford's Quiet Man reports from England:

"Remarkable! I do believe your Ford is quieter!" exclaimed Lord Bath, surprised by the hushed performance of the Ford LTD.

England's 8th Marquess of Bath has a vast estate in Wiltshire and a 100-room manor house, built in 1556. He also owns a seven-passenger Daimler limousine, jet-black, leather-lined, the epitome of British tradition.

Would Lord Bath compare the quiet of his huge Daimler with the Ford? "Of course," he told the Quiet Man... but it was evident he didn't expect to be impressed. Nevertheless, he was. He drove the Ford, listening intently, rode in the Daimler, drove the Ford again and found it quieter. "How do you people do it?" he asked. "I mean, this Ford



costs hundreds of pounds less than the Daimler, I should think, and you can't put all that amount of hand work into it, can you?"

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inating almost all metal-to-metal contact between chassis and body. How even the little gear that drives the speedometer cable is constructed of nylon, not metal. "Remarkable," said Lord Bath... but what impressed him most was the new optional stereo-tape system—not the fact that a tape cartridge played more than 70 minutes of music but the great realism of the sound.

"Really astonishing," he said... and you're certain to be astonished too, when you quiet-test an LTD at your Ford Dealer like the one that impressed Lord Bath.

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body was not recovered. The Coast Guard was more fortunate several weeks later when a 30-year-old woman, a former leper who feared her pregnancy would revive the disease, jumped off the Oakland Bay Bridge and came up alive right in front of a patrol boat.

One of the U.S. Coast Guard's all-time champion troublemakers was a 67-foot schooner called the *Loki Tiki*. In the five months between July and December of 1964, the Coast Guard rescued *Loki Tiki* eight times. She finally sank off Cape Charles, Va. on December 2. The Third District, which covers New York, had to search for a party of Ivy League students who sailed off to Bermuda, missed the island by 253 miles and were discovered headed toward the west coast of Africa. But it is a fairly small station, Eatons Neck, that is one of the busiest in the New York area. Located on Long Island, 60 miles from Manhattan, the Eatons Neck station sits on the shore of Long Island Sound at the end of a road that runs through wooded estates. The roofs of manor houses show here and there among the trees, and pheasants stand along private driveways as if nobody in that neighborhood had ever heard of a shotgun. On a bluff above the water is the white frame headquarters building with a porch that looks out across the Sound to the low, blue coast of Connecticut. There are 37 men at the Eatons Neck station. The married men live in house trailers parked beside the headquarters. The station is equipped with one 40-foot patrol boat, two 30-footers, one 44-footer, one buoy tender to care for the 300-odd aids to navigation—which takes up about half of the Coast Guard's time—and one 16-footer. On a typical summer weekend Eatons Neck has four boats on constant patrol and gets from 25 to 30 requests for help. Across the Sound some 20 miles is Stratford Point, Conn., where a crew lives in a trailer and keeps a patrol boat ready for instant movement. At Eatons Neck a big computer control board winks and hums like a pinball machine. It is being used experimentally to operate six lighthouses, which in pre-computer days required 22 men. Like those gadgets some people put on their

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SEARCH AND RESCUE *continued*

lawns, the computer turns on the lights when the sky gets dark or foggy and notifies the seaman on duty at the control board whenever a bulb is burnt out or anything else is wrong at a lighthouse. The Eatons Neck basin always has a few derelict boats—flotsam of the Sound—waiting to be claimed by owners.

The North Shore Long Island and Connecticut coasts are rocky, with fast-dropping tides and very uneven bottoms, which in places are only two feet below the surface. The Norwalk Islands are especially risky for boaters. "On a summer day," says young, blond Coast Guard Engineman Third Class Clinton Stites, "you can look out from here and see 200 boats in the water. It looks like everybody in Stamford has a boat. Some of the things they do with them you wouldn't believe. One guy called in and said he was tied to a buoy, and after hours of searching we found out he was down on the South Shore and didn't even know it. Another guy we spotted in trouble and went out to him. When we were 100 yards away his boat blew up in a puff of black smoke. It knocked him into the water and he was really putting out the strokes, like an Olympic champion. We picked him up, and you know what he said? 'You got here just in time. I can't swim a lick.'"

Last October a 30-foot cabin cruiser was sinking off Lloyd's Point in the Sound when a Coast Guard boat approached. "We jumped into the cruiser and started bailing like crazy," says Jeff Ross, a small, dark-haired seaman. "I was up to my neck in water and it was getting deeper. And up on top of the cabin was this lady yelling at me: 'Young man, forget that! You run downstairs and fetch my purse and my clothes!'" The Coast Guard itself is not immune to accident. Last summer a group of visiting officers were inspecting fire-fighting equipment on a patrol boat when someone saw a little girl who had cut her foot on a piece of glass. The patrol boat picked her up and was speeding her toward the station for treatment when someone else saw her father rushing about, frantically wondering where his daughter had gone. A coast guardsman went off to pick up the father in the 16-

continued

More Speed and Speculation

One of the best golfers of all time discusses the faults of the modern game and suggests how they can be rectified by **ALFRED WRIGHT**

It sometimes seems as if they make New Englanders out of a different, longer-lasting material than they use on the rest of us. This tall, spare Bostonian, now 73 years old, has already scored a considerable victory over time. His mind is alert and uncrystallized, his legs are springy and his eyes are full of eagerness behind the steel-rimmed glasses he started to wear not long after his moment of glory in 1913. He is Francis Ouimet, this country's first golfing hero, and as he enjoyed a golfing holiday in Florida a few weeks ago he unburdened himself of some thoughts about the game as it is played today. This was no old fogey bemoaning change and progress. This was one of the truly distinguished figures of a sport in which he has been a leader for more than half a century.

"I think," he began, "that people are beginning to lose something of the spirit of golf—as of golf as a game for pleasure. It was always meant to be a game of speculation as well as skill, but it seems to me that some of the many complicated rules we now have tend to slow the game and remove the element of speculation, and I think the game is less fun as a result."

"I want to point out that I have no quarrel with the USGA and the PGA, for I think they are both doing a very fine job, but I do think they are making the rules too involved and the game too precise. I was brought up to play a game where you could not touch your ball from the time you had teed it up and put it in play until you had holed out. The only exception was when it went into a water hazard or was unplayable and had to be dropped for a penalty or if it was embedded in wet ground. It was all very simple, and I still think that is the way the game should be played. A little mud or sand on a ball should not make it unplayable. That is just one of the fortunes of the game. Golf was not meant to be played under ideal conditions."

"I don't like to speak of myself in this discussion," Ouimet continued, and any-

one who knows this modest and diffident man could accept the sincerity of his protestation without question. Yet in talking golf it was only natural that his thoughts would go back to that unforgettable September day at Brookline in 1913. It was there that Francis Ouimet, an obscure player of 20 in a pair of woolen knickers, a rumpled white shirt and a striped necktie, became the first amateur to win the U.S. Open Championship.

If ever there was an upset, that was it. Looking back through the years, one must still rank it alongside Man'o War's lone defeat by a long shot and Centre's football team beating Harvard in 1921.

First of all, young Francis had never seriously considered playing in the Open Championship. He was just a young salesman for the Wright & Ditson sporting goods store in Boston, and he did not feel justified in taking time off from his job. Two weeks earlier, he had stolen a few days away from work to compete in the amateur championship on Long Island, losing in the second round to Jerome Travers. He had only entered his name for the Open because it was being played a short distance from his home, and the USGA was making a determined effort to sign up a record number of entrants. In fact, he asked his boss for only enough time off to join the gallery for one day. But the boss insisted he compete.

At the end of the regulation four rounds of play, Ouimet stood tied for the lead with Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, two Englishmen who were the greatest professional players of their time. The next day he beat them both decisively in a playoff.

In 1914, the year after it happened, Ouimet authenticated his Open victory by winning the amateur championship, and he won it again in 1931, 17 years later. Yet well beyond that time he was to continue to occupy a major position in amateur golf both at home and abroad. He represented his country in the first eight Walker Cup matches from

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Speed and Speculation continued

1922 to 1934, and he captained the team six times, the last in 1949. The British paid their respects by making him the first foreigner ever to occupy the august post of captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews.

So it was from the wisdom and experience gathered in these four active decades in golf that Quimet spoke that afternoon. "The playoff match with Vardon and Ray would serve as a good example of the way golf had to be played in the days before they began fooling with the rules," he said. "The course was soaked from the heavy rain of the day before, so the casual water rule was in effect, but not once during the entire 18 holes was anyone permitted to lift his ball to clean it. On the 10th hole, when we were all even, each of us reached the green in two, but both Ray and Vardon had to putt their balls over ball marks. That was just part of the breaks of the game. Probably as a result, each of them three-putted while I was able to get down in two, and I got the lead that eventually made it possible to win. That is what I mean about golf being a game of speculation as well as skill."

Quimet also believes that nowadays the average player carries many more clubs than he really needs for a round of golf. "People have so many clubs in their bags today," he said, "that they can hardly decide what club to use on a particular shot. With fewer clubs, a golfer would soon learn to play a variety of shots with each one and develop skills that would add a great deal to his enjoyment of the game. You often see a player standing beside his ball waiting for the others to hit their shots, and not until it is his turn does he start to decide which club he will use. What he is thinking about when he walks up to his ball and while he is standing there I can't say. I have a feeling that if these things aren't corrected and people don't learn to play more rapidly, we will get to the point where your club will tell you that you can only play on Mondays, Wednesdays and every other Saturday."

Taking note of the trends in modern golf course design—acres and acres of sand and enormous greens—Quimet observed that "golf architects are taking quite a bit of the ingenuity out of the game. With the smaller greens we had in the past, one had to improvise a great many shots to make the ball hit the green and stay there. Now it is no great prob-

lem to hit the green, and much greater emphasis is placed on approach putting, which is the least interesting phase of the game. It is getting so that unless your ball is under a bush or behind a tree you don't have to improvise a shot at all. More than anything, I think it is these large greens that have made the professionals such wonderful putters.

"It seems to me," said Quimet, "that much of the stress of modern golf architecture is aimed at presenting a pleasing picture to the golfer rather than a serious problem. Donald Ross, who designed so many of our best early courses, felt that a perfect course should be laid out for the perfect player but with problems that would also accommodate the average player. A great many of the picturesque bunkers that are built on our newer courses don't really bother the very good players, since they can hit their shots well past them. So it is only the average player who is troubled by these hazards. And all the sand around the green, while it is lovely to look at, does very little to make the course more interesting or difficult. After all, using the modern sand wedge, the sand shot is the easiest shot in the game. This concentration on making a pleasing picture also makes the game quite obvious, with everything right there before you. When people play the old course at St. Andrews for the first time, they are usually infuriated to find that a perfect shot down the fairway has come to rest in a huge pot bunker that they could not see, but eventually they come to love the course for the speculation that it brings to the game.

"I think people recognize the fact more and more," Quimet concluded, "that certain rules we now have are distasteful, particularly the one that permits this constant wiping of the ball on the green, which is unnecessary, and some of the complicated rules and amendments that are so difficult to understand and interpret. I think we were better off when we had just the 13 basic rules on which golf was founded. Naturally, these would have to be expanded to allow for residences that are now encroaching on the playing area.

"By and large, however, I feel that the game is in proper hands and moving in the right direction, with the exception of those rules that complicate it, unnecessarily slow it up and take the speculation out of it."

END

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CONTINENTAL  The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

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foot outboard, arrived full throttle at the beach, missed the cutoff switch and plowed up 30 feet of sand before he was flung out, quite embarrassed, in the father's feet.

As long as there are men there will be small boats, and as long as there are small boats there will be accidents in them. With the leisure and easy money of today, the number of small boats will keep going up. Already the small-boat business is a \$700 million industry. Many of those boats are sold to people who know little of how to operate them and do not seem inclined to learn. The Coast Guard issues citations in cases of collisions or outright hazardous conduct, and those citations must be answered in federal court. The Coast Guard Auxiliary and the Power Squadrons—two organizations of dedicated and expert boatmen—help in the policing by boarding boats to check for safety equipment. But there are simply too many small boats in too many places for effective control.

Some Coast Guard officials think all boats and their operators should be licensed, as drivers of automobiles are. Others think anyone setting out on a boat should be required to file a trip plan, as pilots of small planes do. But most coast guardsmen seem to think both those plans are unworkable and would involve so much paper-shuffling that the Coast Guard would have time for little else than tending the files.

"People argue with you all the time about their own safety," says Engleman Sines. "They'll say they have Coast Guard-approved cushions aboard, but if your son falls overboard do you want him to spend five hours hanging onto a cushion, or would you rather have him in a life jacket?" They just don't think of those things. What I would tell anybody who buys a boat is this: look up the Coast Guard in the phone book and call us. There are plenty of courses available in navigation, procedure and safety. It's for the boater's own good to take them. At the very least, they can learn how to show a proper distress signal."

There is nothing half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. The idea is to be able to do it again tomorrow.

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

During the first five weeks of the season CONNORATI (4-1) Pitching Coach Mel Harder had every right to feel frustrated. His staff, supposedly one of the best, had been called awful, had a 3.55 ERA and had allowed 28 homers in 27 games. Ah, that Red pitchers could say was, "We're only second division. We'll try, Harder." Last week their trying paid off. Enemy hitters had only two homers and batted .185 as Red pitchers put together a group 1.00 ERA. Maury Wills of LOS ANGELES (3-3) was guilty of something opponents never expected of him—lack of speed. His laggardly pace came on southern California's Harbor Freeway, where police informed him he was going too slow (45 mph in a 55-mph zone). A day later Wills shifted into high gear, stole two bases and scored twice to support Sandy Koufax' three-hit shutout of the Giants. Although Willie Mays hit only .167 for the week, SAN FRANCISCO (3-4) pitchers made the most of the few runs they had to work with. NEW YORK'S (2-4) Ron Hunt, called Pig Pen because his all-out firebrand-type play kept his uniform soiled, was at his dirty best against the Giants. He beat them 7-5 with five RBIs, went 7 for 11 in four games. There was singing in the PITTSBURGH (3-2) clubhouse, much of it made possible by Reliever Pete Mikkelsen, who saved one game, won another. Manager Red Schoendienst of ST. LOUIS (2-4) thought he had found a good-luck omen when he blasted not only his golf ball out of a sand trap but a \$5 bill as well. If anything, it should have been a warning: it was the Reds who scored five runs and beat the Cardinals 5-3. "He goes for too many outside pitches," said HOUSTON (3-3) Manager Grady Hatton of Outfielder Jim Wynn. So what did Wynn do? He hit a game-winning single in the 11th inning on a fast

ball over the outside corner. Didymus Dick Groat and Harvey Kuenn played like frisky colts for PHILADELPHIA (4-2). Groat used the 2,000th hit of his career to set up a 4-3 victory, and Kuenn came up with a deft hook slide into home plate to beat the Astros in the 10th, 6-5. Honey Aaron hit four home runs and batted .650, but most of his ATLANTA (3-3) teammates were limping along. CHICAGO (3-4) Manager Leo Durocher and his coaches had tried everything else, so last week they tried plain old friendliness. Buck O'Neill, a friend of slumping Billy Williams and Ernie Banks, was pressed into service. Williams, who had had only five RBIs all season, picked up three, and Banks, without a homer all year, hit two in one game. After Coaches Rube Walker and Whitely Lockman gave Randy Hundley a pep talk, the rookie batted .556, hit a 10th-inning homer to beat the Braves 7-6 and even stole home. It was sad, although funny, that such nice guys should still be in last place.

Standings: SF 25-13, New 21-15, PIT 18-18, LA 20-17, Phil 17-25, Chi 16-18, A's 16-21, NY 13-18, StL 14-15, Ho 9-24

AMERICAN LEAGUE

It was a week in which the four lowest clubs won 14 of 19 games against the upper crust. WASHINGTON (5-3) was five in a row as Fred Valentine produced 10 runs with his .406 hitting. BOSTON (5-1) stopped the Orioles 2-1 on Earl Wilson's pitching and 10th-inning homer and 3-1 on Jim Lonborg's scoreless relief work. Then the Red Sox moved up to ninth by taking three from KANSAS CITY (2-3). The A's had two chances against a first-division team and fended in the Angels both times. Four Angel drives that last year would have gone for homers in Kansas City were turned back by the 40-foot screen. Thus far visiting clubs have lost 11 home runs be-

cause of the screen, the Athletics one. At home the Athletics are 10-5. On the road they are 1-16. MINNESOTA (4-4) Manager Sam Mele was irritated when Ralph Houk, his counterpart on the Yankees, said the New Yorkers would defeat "those lucky Twins" four straight. Worse yet for Mele the Yankees, who have played like a team possessed since Houk took over two weeks ago, did just that. NEW YORK (5-1) performed spectacularly, coming up with hard-to-believe fielding plays and clutch hits to buck up the spongy pitching of Starters Al Downing, Mel Stottlemyre, Fritz Peterson and Relievers Pedro Ramos (three saves) and Steve Hamilton. CALIFORNIA (1-5) could blame at least two losses on bad fielding. In all, the Angels made 15 errors, including five by Shortstop Jim Fregano, who has 15 in 33 games. Sam McDowell of CLEVELAND (4-3) was kayoed twice, once before he got so much as one man out. "I had all my pitches, but my rhythm and control were awry," McDowell said. Big-winner Denny McLain of DETROIT (4-2) had first-inning trouble, too, but survived and went on to win a two-hitter from the Yankees and a four-hitter from the Orioles. His ERA for first innings this year is 9.00, for the rest of the time it is 1.71. Three wins came against slumping BALTIMORE (2-5), which needed next relief jobs by Eddie Watt to salvage two wins. None of the parts seemed to fit into CHICAGO (1-7) Manager Eddie Stanky's pattern, as his pitchers, hitters and fielders all failed. Speaking about the woes that are part of a manager's lot, Stanky said, "The fin—the butcher, the baker and the man who sells green stamps—doesn't know anything about this."

Standings: Cleve 22-9, Det 20-12, Bal 16-14, Min 16-15, Cal 11-17, Chi 15-17, Wash 15-18, NY 13-19, Bos 13-21, KC 11-21

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

As so often happens, Detroit Catcher Bill Freehan traces his recent having big to a hit—which is nothing new, except that the hit was held by Tom McCraw of the White Sox. Swinging at a pitch, McCraw accidentally hit Freehan on the head on May 13 and, quicker than Clark Kent can change into Superman, the futile Tiger with the .232 average was transformed into the .300 hitter he had been in 1964. He began to hit for distance, too, and one of his homers last week seemed to have special significance. It came the day after Manager Charley Dressen had been hospitalized with his second heart attack in 13 months. The Tigers were glum and, playing under Coach Bob Swift,

were trailing New York 2-0 in the fifth inning of a game that seemed to already be a low ebb. Then Freehan hit his homer, and the Tigers, who had had only three in their previous 11 games, suddenly came alive, hit two more home runs and stopped the again-dangerous Yankees 7-2. Freehan kept swinging away and hit homers in each of the next two games, and his aroused teammates added four more before the week came to a close. After McCraw trapped him on the head Freehan hit .379, and the Tigers moved past Baltimore into second place. Freehan is too modest to say that his spurge inspired the Tigers, but it is just possible that his teammates are afraid to stop hitting, lest Freehan will try to end their slumps with the sure-shot remedy that worked so well on him.



TIGERS' BILL FREEHAN

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

REVIVAL MEETING

Sirs,

What was on William Leggett's mind when he wrote *A Dying Team Seeks for Help* (May 16)? To see how much he could run the Yankees down? With all that talk about how bad the Yankee organization is and what is in store for them in the future, I would like to remind Leggett that, regardless of what the Yanks look like now, no other team will ever attain the same high degree of year-after-year championship baseball. I hope the Yankees bounce back and cause all the other teams to cry like they used to! Then you would really have something to hark and cough about, Yankees forever!

R. O'DONALD

Rio Dell, Calif.

Sirs:

The Yankees are down now, but don't be naive enough to count them out!

MARY HILLYARD

Linden, Pa.

Sirs:

You will probably receive at least nine unappreciative letters for every one that agrees with Leggett's sentiments. Yankee fans, as a breed, tend to be so emotional that they write off all opposition as mere jealousy. Any sane Yankee hater will admit some envy at the core. But it goes much deeper than that. We were convinced that for a quarter of a century they retained that master of the myth of invincibility, Mel Allen. We despised the business image of the brass, and we just didn't take to the idea of being treated as dirt by their contemptuous owners! Our era began on a Sunday in October 1963, when lugubrious Mel, with tears in his voice, wrapped up the fourth and final game of the World Series. Even in our finest hour, humiliated Yankee fans rebuffed our jibes with echoes of ancient glory. Now that's all they have, and we're evasive.

Honray for Bill Leggett!

JOE SCODAN

Jersey City

FIGHTING CHANCE

Sirs:

During the recently completed National Hockey League season, I thought I noticed more articles on hockey than there had been the year before, and your letter from the Publisher (May 16) confirmed this. I congratulate SI on its new policy, and I can assure you that television will add tremendously to the popularity of hockey throughout the country.

I must, however, disagree with your views on fights and brawls during hockey games. I think most people enjoy watching the

players roughing it up and at certain times this is necessary, when one player is hanging on to another and holding him and hooking him as Bryan Watson did to Bobby Hull in the Stanley Cup semifinals. As you said, as soon as Montreal had defused Superstix, he was no longer effective.

DAVID RICHMAN

Chicago

SO BIG

Sirs:

"It's bigger than bingo" (May 16), is it? It sure is, and bowling is also bigger than baseball, basketball, football, golf, hockey, tennis, track and field, hunting and fishing. It is much bigger than automobile racing, boating, boxing, curling, and lacrosse. Granted it doesn't draw as a spectator sport, but bowling must be about the No. 1 participant sport in the country. For countless weeks I have followed your magazine, fruitlessly seeking information on my favorite sport. At last, four whole pages. And what happens? You've made a joke of it.

DOAN LEE

Frederick, Md.

Sirs:

Your attitude toward bowling is reflected by ARTIST Marc Simon's portrayal of male bowlers as gorillas and female bowlers as kooks in stretch pants is a gratuitous insult to the 40 million Americans who like part regularly in this fascinating and frustrating sport.

RICHARD DAVIS

Westbury, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have always found SI to be a highly entertaining, informative source of vicarious enjoyment of the fascinating world of sport and recreation. You reconfirmed my delight with your humorous spoof of bowling.

Fortunately, the world of bowling can laugh at itself, and I hope the game never loses that unique ability. Beyond their humor, the drawings brought home a bowling fact of which we in the industry are proud — that the game provides an exciting appeal and challenge to people of all ages and physical capacities.

J. F. URBANEK
President, Bowling Division,
Brunswick Corporation

Chicago

THE BIRD IN THE BUSH

Sirs:

As a rabid Astro fan, I feel compelled to answer your charge that the National League should put a stop to the needling of visiting pitchers by our electric scoreboard

(Scorecard, May 16). Somehow "the thing" never seems to bother the Koufaxes, the Drysdales and the Marshalls, but only losers like the Cubs' Faul, who has been known to rely on hypnosis to play baseball.

Also, you stated that Houston was bush. If this is so, the business in the bush country is booming. Four and a half million people from all over the world came to see our electrical immortality in 1965.

J. W. BROWN

Pasadena, Texas

Sirs:

You surely embarrassed Pitcher Bill Faul of the Cubs by making an issue out of his complaint over the glaring Astrodom scoreboard. What's new? Do you advocate riding basketball of cheerleaders and pep squads or football of bands, drums and blaring trumpets? Do you want the loud-voiced fan thrown out of the ball park because he screams "Kill the empire"? Must the home fans subdue their cheers and boos because they outnumber the fans of the visiting team?

Don't let envy or provincialism blind you to the fact that Houston has something—many things—that New York has not.

THE REV. JAMES McHARDY, C. M.

Houston

Sirs:

I was wondering if you could define the word "bush" for me. The more I read your outstanding magazine, the more it appears that the definition of bush is "anything out of the ordinary that occurs outside of the City of New York." I have a hunch that the fire and enthusiastic New York Met fans would be called bush by many New Yorkers if the Mets were located anywhere other than in New York. I would also like to point out that there is no sound effect connected with the rhythmic clapping, and that we have not once run the scoreboard when the Ball was in play or when the pitcher was preparing to pitch. The clipping is always done between batters. We believe that any fan who has attended a game in the Astrodom finds the scoreboard to be an added bonus to the enjoyment of the game.

IBEL GILLES

Vice-President, Houston Astros

Houston

UP WITH BUELS

Sirs:

Your line story on the UCLA-USC dual track meet (*If at First You Don't Succeed*, May 16) is just what this sport needs more of. The sports-page publicity glamorizing the big relay carnivals and the big invitational meets has done far too much to destroy

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

the college dual meet. Because of it, coaches have found they can get just as many columns out of one topnotch "star" as they used to get out of a whole team. There are only a few coaches left, on the East Coast particularly, earnest and devoted enough to their sport to field an entire team for 18 separate events. Only a samurai, it seems, would be willing to coach three deep in each event and thus provide a challenge for some 30 to 40 boys when he can work on one performer and grab all the headlines in a single big meet. More scores like yours on the dual meet out West will encourage those few coaches who are willing.

AL CASTELLO

Annapolis, Md.

WILLIE AND WIMPY

Sirs,

I thought Jack Tobin's article, *Willie Mosconi Covers our Shooting* (May 2), was a bit unfair to pool and to Mr. Mosconi. The article obscures the fact that Mosconi is no longer champion. He tried to come back but lost to Joe Balsis. What's more, to imply that Mosconi and pool are synonymous is to do a great disservice to the game.

I admit Mosconi has one of the smoothest "classic" styles. Yet Irving Crane and Balsis are equally smooth and Balsis is apparently more effective. As a matter of fact, I've always felt that Mosconi has been rather sour on the game. He has never even appeared at the world championship tournament in New York since it was revived in 1963.

The pool world is a world of its own, where nerve, the gambling instinct and playing ability all count. Radio, television, the public image and publicity make very little difference. The absence of these foreign influences makes the world of pocket billiards a uniquely interesting one. Some of your past articles have captured the true atmosphere of pool and treated the game fairly. Jack Olsen's article, *The Pool Hustlers* (March 20, 1961), and Tom Fox's article on Luther (Wimpy) Lassiter (March 23, 1964) both did this.

Rather than write about Mosconi this year, you should have covered Wimpy's dramatic finish in the world tournament in New York. His final string of 83 balls which beat Cisero Murphy marked Lassiter as one of the greatest competitors in any sport. His exciting, hazardous style was never more evident. Despite the fact that he was very much off his game and in serious trouble on every rack, he still went on to win.

Mosconi chose to make his comeback in one of the few tournaments Wimpy didn't attend. I'm sure Lassiter would be glad to accept a challenge from Mosconi, a three- or four-day marathon, the way pool ought to be played.

TYSON GILPIN

Boyce, Va.



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